HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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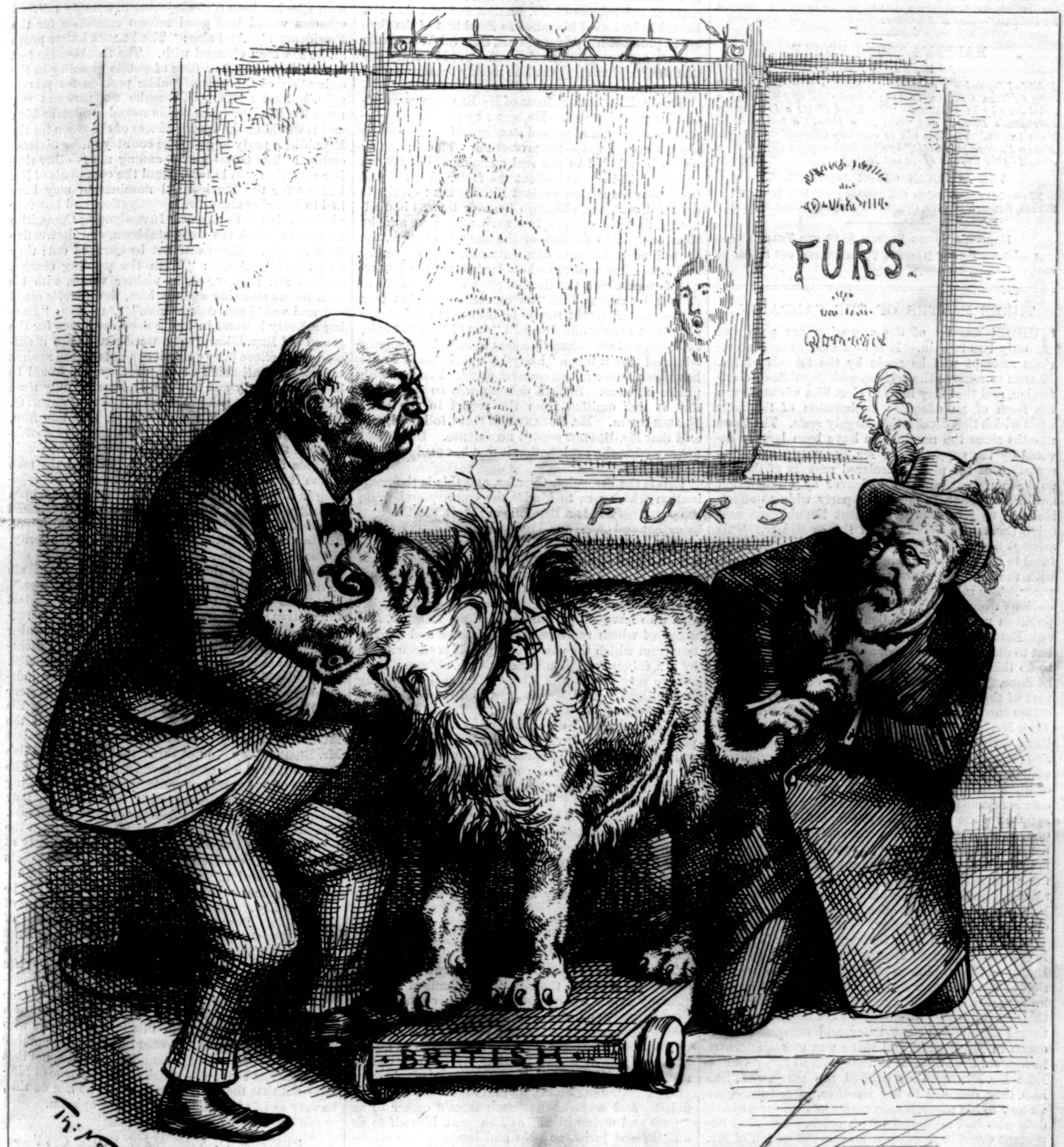

WHEN IT COMES TO THE *LION* BUSINESS BETWEEN BEN AND JIM, IT'S NIP AND TUCK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.

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THREE MONTHS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THREE months of the campaign are past, and only two remain. It is now evident that no serious attempt will be made by the friends of Mr. BLAINE to remove the wide-spread Republican disaffection, and that they hope to elect him without even the form of an adequate explanation of the facts upon which that disaffection largely rests. The three months since the nomination have been largely devoted by the supporters of Mr. BLAINE to misrepresentation of the plainly declared reasons of the Republican protest, and an endeavor by vituperation and denunciation to crack the party whip so effectively as to frighten independent Republicans and drive them to the support of the candidate. This attempt has utterly failed, because the reason of refusal to support the nomination is one that concerns both the national character and the welfare of the party. The sole way to deal with the opposition was obvious from the first. It was not to extol the Republican party, nor to ridicule and revile independent Republicans, nor to denounce the Democrats, but to disprove the charges against Mr. BLAINE. Not to do this was virtually to confess that it could not be done. And what has been the course? In this part of the country the campaign opened with ratification meetings in New York and Boston. In New York Mr. EVARTS set forth the virtues of the Republican party and the vices of the Democratic party, and essayed to show the inconsistency of Republicans who declined to support the nominations. The drift of his remarks was to the effect that, when a candidate is selected by party delegates fairly elected, every member of the party ought to support him. But the one simple question which confronted such an argument Mr. EVARTS declined to meet or to answer. It is this: Ought a man, for the sake of a party, to vote for a candidate for the Presidency who has prostituted his public office to his private pecuniary gain? It is no answer to that question to assert that a man ought to stand by his party.

On the same evening Senator HOAR, ex-Governor LONG, and Chairman HENRY CABOT LODGE spoke in Boston. Their opinions of the fitness of the nomination of Mr. BLAINE were supposed at least to be well known, as well as the reasons of their opinions. In their speeches they also asserted the necessity of continued Republican ascendency, and expressed confidence in Mr. BLAINE, and there was great bitterness in some of the allusions to independent Republicans. Like Mr. EVARTS, they exalted the party, and, like him, they declined to say whether, in order to give victory to his party, a man ought to vote for a candidate who had trafficked in his office. The next important event in the campaign was the speech of Mr. SCHURZ in Brooklyn. It recalled the discussion to the real question. It was a remarkably clear, powerful, and conclusive presentation of the case against Mr. BLAINE which has produced the Republican revolt, and which independent Republicans ask to have explained. It was a presentation based wholly upon Mr. BLAINE'S own words and acts. It was made without heat or rhetoric, and with an evident sincerity of conviction as marked, to say the least, as that of either of the BLAINE orators. This strong and effective speech was followed by one from Senator DAWES in New Jersey. But to the question which confronts the BLAINE orator everywhere, "Ought a man to vote for a candidate whom he believes to have greatly abused a great public trust?" Senator DAWES replied that he did not think that Mr. BLAINE was guilty, and that he himself could easily explain the apparent grounds of suspicion. But the Senator went no farther. He did not attempt to explain. He merely gave his own opinion. At last a meeting was held in Brooklyn, presumptively to dispose of the whole matter. General WOODFORD presided; Senator HAWLEY and Judge FORAKER, of Ohio, spoke. General WOODFORD said that he had not desired the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, but that he had been fairly nominated, that he is the candidate of the party, and as he desired the success of the party, he supported the candidate. He said also that if Mr. EDMUNDS had been nominated the friends of Mr. BLAINE would have supported him, and argued that therefore the friends of Mr. EDMUNDS ought to support Mr. BLAINE. But if some of the friends of Mr. BLAINE thought that Mr. EDMUNDS had used his office as President of the Senate to promote his private profit, General WOODFORD—if we are not greatly mistaken—would hardly say that they ought to support him merely because he had been nominated.

Senator HAWLEY'S defense of Mr. BLAINE was awaited with great interest. He began by praising the Republican party, and argued stoutly and long—and he always argues well—for protection. Then in a few words he alluded to the real question. But he was evidently ill-informed about the facts. He reduced the whole accusation against Mr. BLAINE to a single doubtful sentence, although Senator DAWES had admitted that there were two such sentences, and he then essayed to dispose of the serious charges, the proved misstatements, the extraordinary entreaties and reminders, and the whole business of the MULLIGAN letters, which the BLAINE press does not dare to discuss, by saying that "an unwise expression in a private letter" ought not to be allowed to defeat the Republican party and discredit "one of the most able, brilliant, and statesman-like men in it." The Senator admitted that it was a "hasty" act, and that it would have been better not to connect private business with public business. Such a defense was so damaging that it was omitted from the report in the chief BLAINE organ. Mr. FORAKER, of Ohio, followed, and said that Mr. BLAINE needed no defense. But he did not say what the explanation is that has made defense unnecessary.

This is the campaign thus far, and this is the nomination which was to kindle the country and unite the party. Here is a Republican revolt, most serious by extent and character, justifying itself upon reasons of the highest public principle, and upon the words and deeds of the candidate, which could have been pacified at once by a frank and intelligible explanation. It is a revolt not of venal politicians, but of intelligent and conscientious men, original Republicans, who have no personal ambitions to serve, and many of whom represent the character and conviction from which the party sprang. It is encountered by lies, calumny, ridicule, and evasion, although these are the very things which least affect such protesting Republicans. Had Mr. EVARTS, and Senators HOAR and HAWLEY and DAWES, and ex-Governor LONG and Mr. LODGE, instead of commending the Republican party and its achievements, which are certainly as well known to their independent brethren as to themselves, simply and clearly shown that Mr. BLAINE'S MULLIGAN letters were the letters of a perfectly clean-handed and upright public man, there would have been no Republican revolt. They had but to do for Mr. BLAINE precisely what Mr. SCHURZ has done against him. Three months of the campaign are passed. The BLAINE press and orators have not attempted a clear and simple explanation. Why? Why but because they are conscious that they can not make it?

POT AND KETTLE.

THE singular political situation is shown by nothing more strongly than the fact of the changed position of many of the leading newspapers in regard to the Republican candidate. Every such paper is charging others with inconsistency and insincerity. But the inconsistency is so general that it ceases to be an argument. The New York *Tribune*, for instance, which, twelve years ago, bolted the Republican nomination of General GRANT and supported the Democratic candidates, and declared Mr. HENDRICKS'S career to be "pure and untarnished," and the man himself to be an "honest jurist, an able and incorruptible statesman, and a wise politician," now finds him to be unworthy of support, although in the mean time Mr. HENDRICKS has done nothing to forfeit the confidence of a supporter of 1872. The same paper denounces bolters and independents by many unpleasant names. But when it was itself a bolter and independent it exhorted Republicans to "treat all nominations simply as suggestions to be followed or resisted as your own judgment shall dictate. . . . We protest against the slavish idea that party lines should be held so rigidly as to defeat objects the members of the party profess to seek." The independent Republicans of to-day are simply carrying out these perfectly sound and sensible principles which the *Tribune* preached a dozen years ago, and if those principles justified Republicans in bolting GRANT, as the *Tribune* insisted, it is not evident why they do not justify them in bolting BLAINE.

The Chicago *Tribune* was one of the most resolute opponents of the BLAINE nomination in 1876, and is now one of its most unscrupulous supporters. It professes to have been converted by Mr. PHELPS'S letter, which, however, does not treat of some of the most damaging evidence in the case. The Chicago *Tribune's* position is completely reversed. It is a monument of inconsistency. But it flings the argument of inconsistency at others with grotesque and comical fury. So with the Cincinnati *Commercial* and the Cincinnati *Gazette* of 1876, which are now consolidated as the *Commercial-Gazette*. In 1876 the *Commercial* asked: "Do you really mean that a man who has been a stock-jobber in subsidy railroad schemes would be a good reform candidate for the Presidency?" And also: "The BLAINE letters prove all he has been charged with. The troublesome fact is that there is a low tone of public morality in the estimation of the uses of public position for private gain." And again: "We make no personal war upon Mr. BLAINE. His public record condemns him, and it would be the very madness of the moon for the Republican party to go to the country under his leadership." The *Gazette* said, among many other similar remarks: "Whatever hand the opponents of Mr. BLAINE for the Presidential nomination may have had in bringing about the investigation, and however vindictively the Democratic Investigating Committee may have acted, the dark, stubborn, and destructive facts remain. These can not be sponged out; they will stand." Again: "With the pending charges against Mr. BLAINE, or, in plainer words, with his own letters standing against him, the *Gazette* could not, and would not, defend him." And also: "Having a lively interest in and a deep reverence for the grand old Republican party, we desire to see it succeed, and believe firmly that it can not succeed against the moral sentiments of the country; we would be false to the party and to our own sense of duty if we failed to protest against the nomination of JAMES G. BLAINE." Democratic papers, also, like the *Sun*, which bolt CLEVELAND to support BUTLER, are stretched upon the same rack of inconsistency. The *World* reminds the *Sun* that in 1873 it described the man whom it now supports for the Presidency as "rejoicing in his own shame, and coining money from open venality, discarding any pretense of principle, bound by no ties of honor, scoffing at religion, making politics a trade, despotic when clothed with authority, cowardly by nature, mercenary from habit, and destitute of one ennobling quality or manly attribute to lift him up above these wretched characteristics."

In this universal citation of newspapers against themselves, the argument of inconsistency, when seriously urged, is ludicrous. They should remember Benedict. When he said that he should die a bachelor, he did not think that he should live to be married. When the New York *Tribune* praised political independence, it did not think that it should live to wear a party collar. When the Chicago *Tribune* and the Cincinnati *Commercial* and *Gazette* said that the MULLIGAN letters proved all that was charged against Mr. BLAINE, they did not think that they should live to extol him as a kind of heaven-sent candidate. The mistake of our excellent contemporaries is that being themselves honeycombed with inconsistency, they should accuse others so solemnly of the same offense. The accusation has not had the least effect upon the result, because the conclusive retort is constantly at hand. The *Commercial-Gazette*, for instance, points out the absurd inconsistency of an esteemed anti-BLAINE contemporary, and declares Mr. BLAINE to be an especially American candidate dear to the heart of the people. Does it, indeed? Well, on the 4th of June, 1876, the *Commercial* said that "the BLAINE retreat will doubtless be to the tune of the 'Mulligan Guards'"; and on the 16th of June, 1876, the *Gazette* said: "No man can successfully stand before the people of the country as the Republican candidate for the Presidency covered all over as BLAINE is with his own letters." The moral of all this is that a critic who has changed his opinion, instead of decrying another for doing the same thing, should try to show, not that the other has changed—which is equally true of himself—but that the other is wrong. If he can do this, he may be of some service to his new opinion.

REFORM IN THE NEW YORK CITY CIVIL SERVICE.

IN accordance with the amended law for the regulation of the municipal civil service, Mayor EDSON appointed a peculiarly competent committee to submit a scheme for his approval. It was both a delicate and a difficult task, but the committee applied itself diligently to the work, and presented to the Mayor a series of regulations covering the entire city service, which the Mayor has approved and promulgated, and they will have gone into effect when this paper is issued. The scheme is founded upon the reformed system, and the reformed principles are applied with great intelligence and good sense. The law wisely includes the Police and Fire departments, for both of which men of sound bodies and special experience and a certain "faculty" are most desirable. The new system substitutes admission by competition, appointment upon probation, and promotion by proved merit, for the old order of appointment by mere political influence. It abolishes the favoritism which is as mischievous in the police as in the military service, and promotes the self-respect which is the guarantee of the *morale* of any service.

The city service is divided into seven classes, indicated by schedules. To the greater number of positions admission is determined by competition and probation, and promotion depends upon merit. The examination varies with the kind of duty to be performed, and there are optional as well as prescribed subjects, so that special skill may be ascertained. The examinations are conducted by boards named for the purpose by the Mayor, and supervised by an advisory board, also named by him. These boards, in determining eligibility for examination, must depend largely upon certificates; and it is an illustration of the thoughtfulness and thoroughness with which the rules have been devised that the persons who give certificates are required to make oath that they would employ the applicant in their own private business, had they occasion for such service, and that they are willing that their affidavit should be published. This is a most wholesome provision, which will tend to remind the writers of certificates of the serious responsibility which they assume. A man will reflect carefully before giving a certificate when he knows that, if anything goes wrong, he will be published, if necessary, as a sponsor.

The cordial co-operation of Mayor Edson in this good work, like that of Governor Cleveland, has been of signal service to a reform which is absolutely non-partisan, and which has been effectively supported by men of all parties. The chief executive officers of the State and of the two chief cities of the State have united in perfect good faith with the unofficial friends of reform in promoting the success of a change in administrative methods which is not only demanded by the most intelligent and resolute public opinion, but which has proved its entire practicability and effectiveness. In these early stages of the reformed system it can be maintained only by such honest dealing as has been shown thus far both in the State and the city, as well as in the national service. There will doubtless be failures and disappointments in details. But the progress and prosperity of the reform are such that the same courage and persistence which have brought it thus far will certainly carry it to general and complete success.

THE ASSESSMENT ROBBERY.

Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, of the National Civil Service Commission, has written a letter to the employés of the government explaining the intention and the provisions of the civil service law of 1883, and, by implication, Mr. Eaton expresses plainly his opinion of the present attempt of the Republican National Committee to extort money from the clerks. He says, and it is a true and timely saying, that any form of request for contributions addressed to public servants as a class, and which assumes that they are under greater obligations to pay than other citizens of the same means, is an affront which should be promptly exposed. Yet this is precisely the assumption of the circular of the National Committee. There is not a member of the committee who does not know that its circular will be regarded by the clerks as a covert threat, and that the money which may be collected by it will be substantially black-mail.

The circular of the committee "cheerfully calls the attention of every person holding any office, place, or employment under the United States or any of the departments of the government" to the provisions of the act of 1883. This is very smooth. But Mr. Eaton pertinently asks, "Why is it that the clerks and employés in the public service have not the same faith in these solemn pledges that they have that their salaries will be paid according to law and the rules of the departments?" The answer, he says, is plain. It is that these exactions, for such they are, however plausibly disguised, have been enforced "through merciless and dishonest prostitution of official authority by great officers and politicians." And it is the knowledge of that fact, the knowledge that great officers and politicians have the unchecked power of removal, and will not hesitate to exercise it, that coerces the clerks to-day, and makes the whole business of soliciting money of them the "robbery" which Mr. Eaton describes.

The clerks and employés who are solicited in this threatening manner to give money will not forget that the intention of the law is to protect them from the extortion so far as practicable. They are therefore forbidden to give, under the following conditions, provided in the fourteenth section of the act:

> "That no officer, clerk, or other person in the service of the United States shall directly or indirectly give or hand over to any other officer, clerk, or person in the service of the United States, or to any Senator or member of the House of Representatives or Territorial delegate, any money or other valuable thing on account of or to be applied to the promotion of any political object whatever;"

and upon conviction of thus giving, the clerk or employé shall be punished by a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or by imprisonment for not less than three years, or by both fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the court. The clerks and employés will remember that they will run great risk of violating the law if they give to any agent or subcommittee of a committee of which "any officer, clerk, or person in the service of the United States" is a member. The movement against this kind of robbery has been very successful thus far, and the employés of the government may be assured that those who have been active in securing legal redress for the victims of this brigandage will not relax their efforts.

MR. FITCH'S LECTURES.

Mr. Charles E. Fitch, editor of the Rochester *Democrat*, has prepared a series of lectures for the coming winter upon the following subjects: "The Lessons of the Sixteenth Century," "The Risks of Thinking," "Mental Limitations," "The American College," "John Milton as a Politician," "Robert Burns," "Thomas Chatterton," "Gerrit Smith," "The Freedom of the Press," and "Hindsight and Foresight."

We know Mr. Fitch well, and we are quite sure that there will be no more attractive or popular lectures than his. He is a graceful and fluent speaker, a man of natural sympathy with all that is "good and fair," of scholarly tastes and accomplishments, and of profound faith in American character and development. Mr. Fitch is a Regent of the University of the State of New York, and at its centenary this summer he read a paper upon the position and service of the American college, which was an exceedingly interesting and discriminating treatment of the subject. If his lecture is an elaboration of this paper, it will be a very useful as well as entertaining lyceum discourse.

Mr. Fitch is not a stranger to the platform. We have referred at the time to various admirable addresses which he has delivered upon historical and other occasions. But the duties of editor of a daily journal of wide circulation and influence have naturally restricted the sphere of his public speaking. It will be fortunate for the lecture lyceum if it can secure the services of many men as well fitted as Mr. Fitch for its peculiar and difficult but most important duties.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

There is an association called by the imposing name of the "International Institute for Preserving and Perfecting Anglo-Saxon Weights and Measures," the object of which is to prevent the adoption of the metric or any other system of weights and measures. That weights, measures, times, and even coinage should be made uniform throughout the civilized world is in itself an object of importance. Scarcely anything would more facilitate international commerce and foreign travel. It is also to be desired that the system itself should be scientific, and the units of measurement verifiable by reference to natural standards. These conditions the metric system fulfills; its terminology being classic Greek, can not excite national jealousies on behalf of living tongues. In opposition to it there is nothing but use and wont.

Use and wont have thus far been all-powerful in England and in this country. There is no need of an "International Institute" to confirm Anglo-Saxon prejudices. The New York and New Jersey branches of the "Institute" are alarmed lest the call for an international convention to decide upon a common prime meridian may be the means of introducing the metric system, and have petitioned the President to appoint upon the commission for the meridian men who are wedded to the "English system."

Now the "English system" is no system at all. It is an aggregation of local customs so incongruous that a mile at land is not a mile at sea, and that units of measurement called by the same names mean different quantities in different counties of England. Not long ago a dispute arose between farmers and fruit-dealers in Western New York upon the capacity appropriate to an apple barrel. It would appear that such a question would be readily settled by reference to the statute, but the New York statute relating to weights and measures actually does not define the limits of a barrel. Everybody who is interested in the subject ought to read that chapter in order to see how unsystematic, confused, and absurd the present "system" is.

PERSONAL.

In his *Recollections of Youth*, M. Renan takes the public into his confidence concerning the first time that he fell in love: "I grew," he says, "to take great pleasure in the society of little girls. I much preferred their society to that of boys. In fact, boys disliked me, and on account of my delicate appearance used to call me 'Miss.' Among these little girls there was one who fascinated me. Her name was Noémi; she was a perfect model of grace and beauty. When our playmates would quarrel, Noémi and I would try to bring about peace. But she was very skeptical as to the issue of these well-meant endeavors. 'Ernest,' she would say, 'you will never succeed. You want to make everybody friends.' Even now I can not listen to the song, 'We'll go no more to the woods,' without feeling my heart beat with the sweetness of this reminiscence. Of a surety, had it not been for my vocation, I should have fallen in love with Noémi; but as it was, I devoted myself to study, and religious hair-splitting occupied my mind to the exclusion of all other subjects."

—At the recent performance of German opera at Baireuth, a correspondent saw Liszt in one of the boxes at the back of the stalls from which Wagner used to watch the proceedings. Liszt was Wagner's truest friend and supporter, and is seventy-three years old. He had not become blind, and "his conversation was as genial and spirited as ever, and the few who were privileged to hear him touch the piano knew that his right hand and his left hand had lost none of their cunning. Wagner's widow lives in absolute seclusion, seeing none but her children, but taking nevertheless the liveliest interest in the artistic success of the performances, which she witnesses from a recess in the wings specially constructed for her." It will be remembered that she is Liszt's daughter, and was once the wife of Von Bülow, the pianist.

—Mr. Edison, the inventor, is slightly deaf, and is glad of it, and does not wish to be cured. There are many things which now he can not hear, and does not want to hear. Among them he enumerates cars, carts, and licensed venders, bores, persons at the telephone, lawyers speaking to juries, political speeches, cats at night, and men who want to borrow money. He proposes to invent a machine that will make people just as deaf as they want to be.

—A jeweller of St. Louis has rendered himself an object of interest by selling garters with bells attached. Depending from each garter is a tiny silver bell, shaped like a sleigh-bell. "The tintinnabulation of this pretty pendant," says the jeweller's advertisement, "sounds delightfully melodious. Ladies wearing these garters are accompanied by a musical tinkle as they glide gracefully along."

—King Humbert of Italy has been visiting the cholera patients in the hospitals of Busca, and leaving $2000 for their relief. Most of the Italian sufferers trust less to doctors than to charms and superstitious observances.

—One evening, when Nathaniel Hawthorne was living at Lenox, Massachusetts, in a dainty little cottage, Mrs. Hawthorne set the supper table so that her husband and one of her guests should face a range of noble hills at sunset. A flood of glorious radiance streamed upon them across the peaceful and beautiful landscape, and Mrs. Hawthorne exclaimed, "I wish I had a Japanese house, that I might throw the whole side open to this enchanting picture."

—George Cruikshank, caricaturist and reformer, lies at rest in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. His widow has put up in Kensal Green Cemetery a bronze bust of her late husband, showing him as he was in his prime, thirty years ago. The old man was rather feeble as an octogenarian.

—The *Evening Post* recalls the Presidential campaign of 1872, "when Mr. Nast followed up his hit in the caricaturing of Tweed and the Ring by a series of Greeley and Reid cartoons, which, no doubt, did a great deal to make the success of Grant certain. It was a campaign of ridicule, and Mr. Greeley's face and figure were so well known, not only in New York, but all over the country, that the work of the caricaturist was made easy. These and the Tweed caricatures were perhaps the most successful that have ever appeared in America until the present summer. Indeed, we doubt if there was any American caricatures to speak of before these, with the exception possibly of the now half-forgotten, though funny, work of Mr. Bellew. Mr. Nast's work was an argument—and a very effective argument—in its way. He appeared to have an insight into the sensual thief's soul, suggested by Tweed's face, and into the *infanto-senile* innocence of Mr. Greeley's countenance."

—Mrs. Mackey, wife of the "bonanza king," has such a reputation for benevolence in Paris that recently a letter reached her from a fond mother whose daughter was about to be married, and who begged for "any old diamonds or rubies" that the lady could spare.

—Mlle. Rhéa, who has recently returned from Paris, speaks of Victor Hugo as the noblest man she ever knew. The great novelist has long taken a friendly interest in the actress, and his last words to her were: "Don't be surprised on reaching America if you see my name among the arrivals by the next steamer."

—Mr. Samuel L. Clemens and Mr. George W. Cable have been fast friends since the latter was ill for two weeks in the former's house at Hartford. Soon after his recovery Mr. Cable organized the celebrated "autograph joke," by which it was agreed that the most conspicuous of Mark Twain's literary friends—and they are legion—should simultaneously on his birthday address him letters or telegrams requesting his autograph, Mr. Twain, as is well known, being particularly averse to this species of benevolence. It will be pleasant to see Mr. Clemens and Mr. Cable reading together from their own works in public next season. Mr. Cable will not only read, but sing; Mr. Clemens, it is expected, will exert his marvellous gifts in whistling, in order not to be outdone by his friend and brother.

—The Rev. Newman Hall, now on a second visit to this country, has frankly stated to the reporters his mission, namely, to see American society and to eat American ices. The two go together, but Mr. Hall's reception will not be cold.

—The President has been having a cordial reception at Newport, more cordial, if possible, than his last year's greeting at the same beautiful sea-side resort. But such things do not make him proud. He has just presented his full-length portrait to his colored servant, and inscribed it with the words: "To Aleck Powell, from his friend Chester A. Arthur." It is easy enough to become a hero to one's valet if one only knows how.

—Dr. Damrosch, who has gone to Germany to execute a commission from the directors of the Metropolitan Opera-house for a company of German prime donne, tenori, and barytones, is a composer of no mean merit, not less than a successful conductor and executant. He can play the violin so well that beside him the late Ole Bull would have been voted a mere amateur trickster. His long iron-gray hair and beard give him a venerable appearance, his eyes are bright as Koh-i-noors, and his brow has a most indisputably intellectual cast. Though of slight figure and less than medium height, the musical doctor is a truly great man.

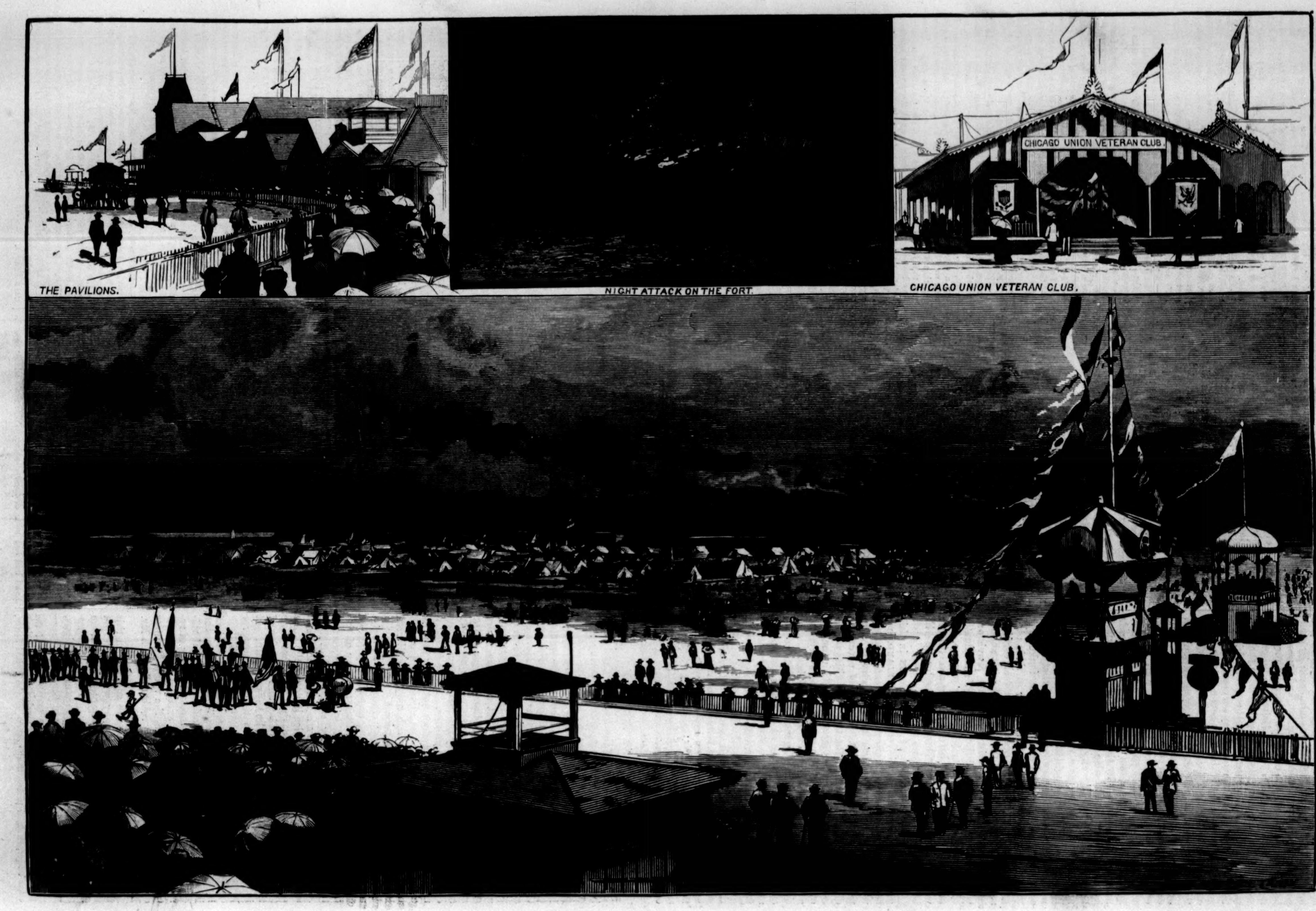
—The sculptor Augustus St.-Gaudens has done no public work that is not an honor to himself and to its projectors, and if he secures the contract for the chimney-pieces in the new Senate-chamber at Albany, the legislators will deserve well of their constituents, and the spirit of the late William M. Hunt may fairly be presumed to rejoice.

—M. De Lesseps to Commander Schley: "In saving the survivors of the expedition you have not only snatched from death those courageous men already so sorely tried by their sufferings, but, more than that, you have saved from loss those precious scientific documents preserved at such great personal risk by Lieutenant Greely and his companions."

—Colonel Tcheng, late Secretary of the Chinese embassy at Paris, is handsome for a Chinaman, with an open, intellectual face, great personal dignity, and remarkable prudence and subtlety. He speaks and writes French with ease, and is a model diplomate of the Rochefoucauld school.

—Dr. Philip Schaff, of this city, eminent as a preacher, lecturer, editor, author, translator, scholar, organizer, and presiding officer, who has more literary irons in the fire than any divine now living, was among the speakers at the World's Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, in Berlin.

—The late Mr. J. A. MacGahan's brother journalists of the Press Club justly describe him as a journalist who won imperishable renown by his industry, integrity, ability, bravery, and devotion to the principles of national liberty, as evinced by his campaigning on the Swiss frontier, by his famous ride to Khiva, by his active sympathy with the oppressed nationalities in European Turkey, and by the performance of all his duties as a newspaper correspondent, whether in arctic snows, Asiatic deserts, or the mountain ranges of Europe. These words express very well the professional ideal of the modern "war correspondent," and the spirit of them fits exactly such exponents of it as Henry M. Stanley and Archibald Forbes.


CHICAGO UNION VETERAN CLUB.

THE PAVILIONS.

NIGHT ATTACK ON THE FORT.

CHICAGO UNION VETERAN CLUB.

THE MILITARY ENCAMPMENT AT CHICAGO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 587.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—(*Continued.*)

TURF TACTICS.

Arrived at the house, Greyson ushered his guests into the dining-room, the table of which was spread with all the substantial luxuries of a genuine Yorkshire breakfast — home-smoked hams, game pie, kippered salmon, hot rolls, new-laid eggs, etc. — with Mrs. Greyson, radiant in smiles and ribbons, presiding at the tea equipage. Like other invalids one has met, she could always make an effort for company. The gentlemen were both old friends of hers, and Elliston, indeed, not a little of a favorite. The sneering manner, habitual to him in talking to her husband, he entirely dropped in speaking to Mrs. Greyson; and Cuthbert Elliston's tongue had by no means lost its cunning when it came to charming a woman's ear. He gave a slight start of astonishment when Mrs. Greyson presented him to her daughter. He had not seen Dollie for the last three or four years, and in the pretty bright-haired girl, with her trim figure and perfectly possessed manner, he could see no trace of the wild little hoiden only hazily remembered.

"And so you are Dollie!" said he, gazing at her with a bold stare of admiration which brought the blood faintly to her face. "Upon my soul, Greyson, I congratulate you. I never dreamed that the little tomboy of a few years back would grow up so pretty a girl. Pray are you as fond of schooling the young horses as you used to be?"

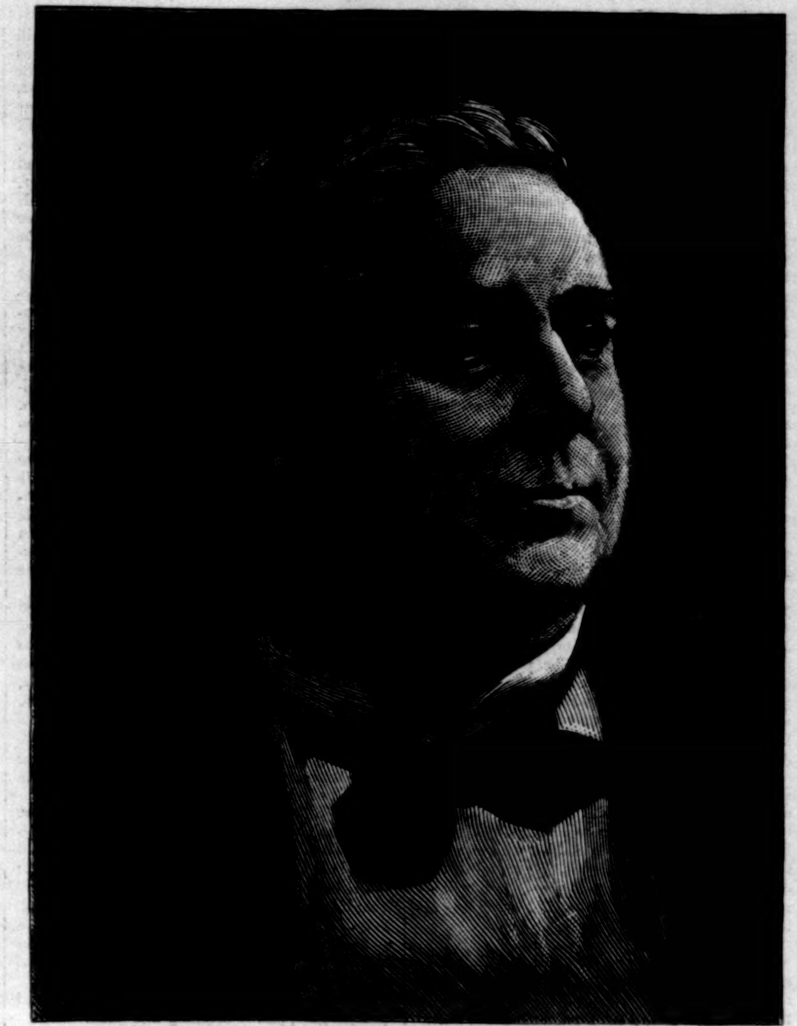
"I don't think I ride any worse," replied Dollie. "I can certainly say my nerve is as good as ever."

"Yes," said her father, fondly; "she finished in the first flight with the York and Ainstey more than once last winter."

"Ah!" said Elliston. "What! you were the Miss Greyson that was often out with them when they met on the York side! I never had a turn with them myself, and always supposed it was some cousin of yours, a daughter of the Coney Street fellow. Gad! with that red-gold hair, those dark curly eyelashes, and a neat-fitting habit, you must have made wild work with the young bloods of the York and Ainstey."

"I don't know much about that, Mr. Elliston," replied the girl, laughing. "They were all civil and courteous enough to me in the hunting field, old and young, ever willing to do me a good turn, show me an easy place, or holloa to me not to try something beyond my powers. Will you take some more tea? That ham, Mr. Pearson, is of mother's own curing, and we rather pique ourselves upon our hams at Riddleton."

"First-rate ham, Miss Greyson; and that's about the best game pie I've peeped into, Bill, for many a long day. God bless my soul!" chuckled the sporting attorney; "if the 'good things' on the top of the moor were only half as good as those in the dining-room at the bottom, what millionaires we should all be! Dear me," he added, addressing the trainer; "only think of the good things that we two have not only stood in, but pulled off. We have made a little bit, Bill; but what's the use of a little bit? We wanted a tidy house down here, then a moor in Scotland, then a pretty comfortable shanty in London. And that's where it was—we always play for too much: 'twas always either that Scotch moor or that town-house that beat us. Turf gambling is like building card houses—you never know when to stop: you get the third story up with infinite trouble, and you always go for that fourth story, and down the whole thing comes, and you have to begin again. There's a time when I could have gone clean out of the business with twenty thousand in my pocket. I've seen many a bitter day since then, and would be glad now to get out of it for half the amount."


JAMES L. CLAGHORN, DECEASED.—Photographed by Gutekunst.—[See Page 581.]

"Just the way with all you half-plucked ones," rejoined Elliston, jeeringly. "I play for the lot, and mean to have it yet. We'll be rum customers to tackle, Sam, when the autumn handicaps come round. Mark me if we're not."

"Yes, Mrs. Greyson, just one more cup of tea; and, I can't help it, but I must positively ask Miss Dollie there for another rasher of ham. What with the way you cure 'em, ma'am, and the Riddleton air, I always feel that a second ham on the table leaves plenty of room for inquiry."

"Look sharp, old man," chimed in Elliston, as the trainer's wife beamed with satisfaction at the lawyer's compliment to her housewifery. "Every one has known for years that Mrs. Greyson is not only about the best-looking woman in the Riding, but with the sole idea of what a Yorkshire breakfast should be. If ever a woman was tired of compliments, you should be, Mrs. Greyson. It is no disparagement, Dollie, to say we were born too soon, and remember your mother; but, my dear, you'll turn some of the young 'uns foolish before many months are over. Now, Sam, I've to catch the London train. We must make a start of it. Good-by, Mrs. Greyson—good-by. Our trap's at the door, I see. Wish you luck at Newmarket, Greyson; that is, if you still persist in such midsummer madness."

"What does Mr. Elliston mean by wishing you luck at Newmarket?" inquired Dollie, as the sounds of the carriage that was conveying her father's patrons died away in the distance.

"He's given me leave to send the Dancing Master to run for the Guineas if I like to pay the expenses."

"Is it worth while, father?"

"Well, lass, you see, I've got a nicish bet about him. He's wonderfully well just now, and he's a flyer when he likes. It's all the odds I've got against his liking, but I tell you he'll make mincemeat of his field if he takes it into his head to try. I shall send that new lad, Forrest, with him. He can do more with the horse than any one."

"And yet he nearly killed him to begin with."

"Quite true, Dollie, but the lad has two great qualities of a horseman — hands and patience. The Dancing Master's disposition is not heavenly, but he is more likely to run kind with young Forrest than with any one else."

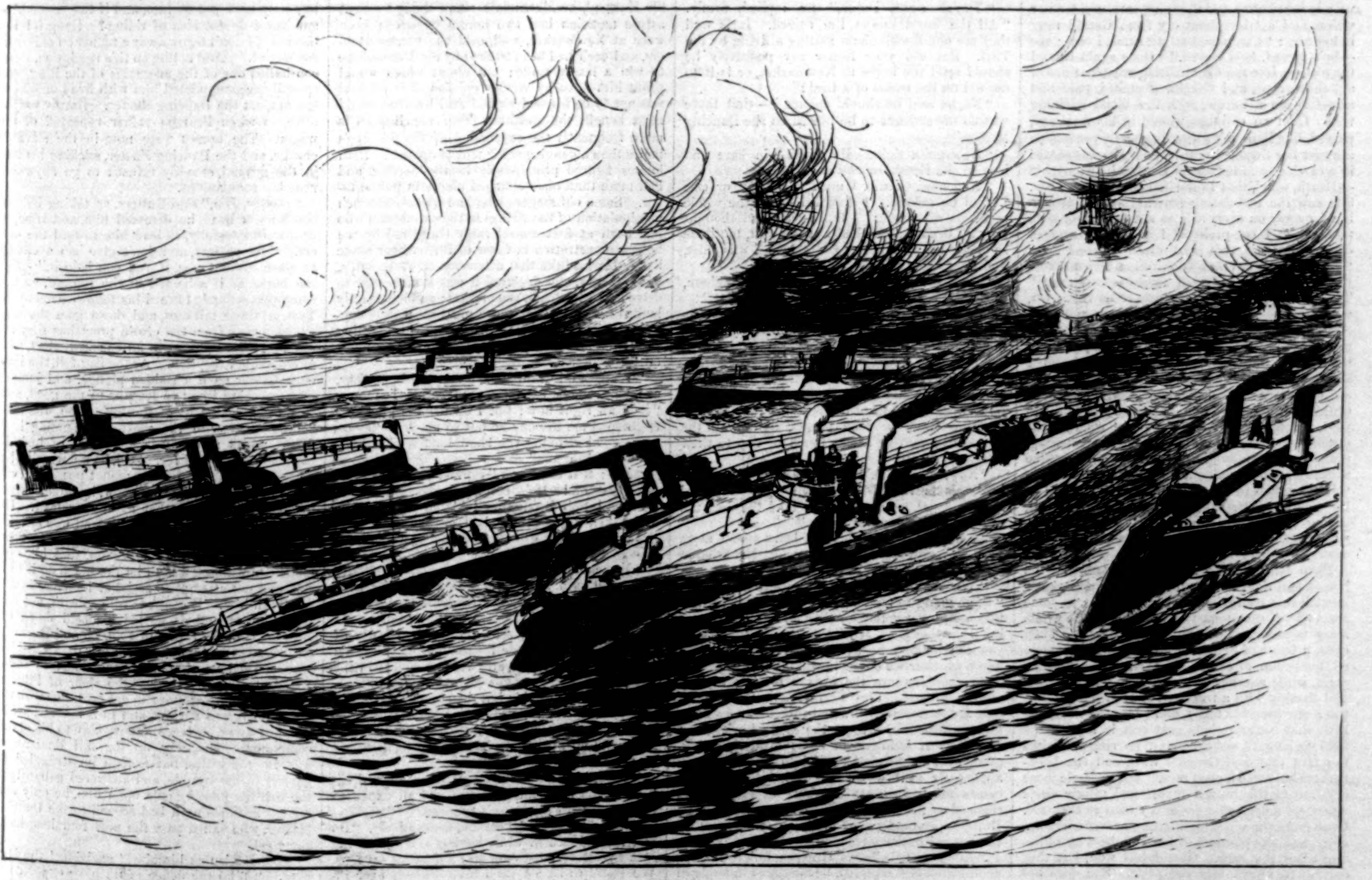
"And if he won, it would be the making of him!" cried the girl, eagerly.

"Well, yes, he'd get another chance or two, no doubt, after winning the Guineas," rejoined the trainer, as he eyed his daughter with no little astonishment. "But what interest have you in him? Why do you ask?"

"Oh, none. Only I saw his first fight with the horse. As Mr. Elliston says, 'I wish you luck,' father," and so saying, Dollie tripped out of the room.

CHAPTER XV.—"THE TWO TRIALS."

Dollie ran upstairs. She wanted to be alone to think. Here was her dream on the verge of being realized. Next week Gerald would "don silk" for the first time, and be embarked on the career she had marked out for him. Had she done right in advising him to embrace such a hard and onerous business? And yet, with his aptitude for riding, his light weight, and nerve, conjoined with his apparent inaptitude and distaste for anything else, what


A FLEET OF ENGLISH SEA-GOING TORPEDO VESSELS.—[See Page 581.]

better path in life was open to him? He was going through all the drudgery of his profession at present (your footman dubs himself a professional gentleman nowadays—why not?), and none knew better than she how hard that apprenticeship was. But then, again, was not the novitiate of all careers laid through stony places? The Church, the Bar, Medicine, what you will—did not men find bread and cheese hard to earn at first in all of them? It is not every soldier who becomes a K.C.B., nor every sailor that attains a seat on the Admiralty Board, and even when they do they will tell you, to use Sam Slick's words, their early life was "not all beer and skittles." There are always many more blanks than prizes in lotteries, and in none more so than the lottery of life. There was no career in which a competence could be realized in so short a time by skill, pluck, and prudence as that she had counselled, always providing there was natural aptitude for the profession to start with, and that the luck, an invariable adjunct to success in any path, was vouchsafed the aspirant.

Still Dollie could not refrain from a slight shiver as with her dear little practical head she counted up the chances. Her lover had got his opening far sooner than she had dared to hope, and yet what a very dubious one it was! Gerald's success depended mainly, not on his own skill, nerve, and determination, but on the uncertain temper of the brute he was to ride. Dollie thoroughly understood the Dancing Master. She knew her father's estimate of the horse, and she knew that her lover had formed a similar opinion. He had not her father's experience, but Gerald did know something about horses. What would he think of this chance when he heard of it? Dollie knew very well that any of the leading jockeys would feel ineffably disgusted at finding that destiny condemned them to bestride such a mount for a big race. Gerald surely would not be so foolish. These unpromising chances have been the starting-point of many a man's life, and it is hardly likely that our first brief is quite what we would have chosen. Then Dollie wished exceedingly that she could be the first bearer of the news to her lover, and hear what he had to say about it; but, as before said, it was not easy to get speech of him without a little manœuvring. And then, as the warm March sunlight glinted into the room—for the bluster was out of the month, and it had arrived at that lamb-like stage in which it is traditionally supposed to close its career—Dollie fell asleep. A pretty picture the girl made, seated in an old-fashioned black oak chair close to the open lattice, with her small hand buried in her red gold hair, and her long dark curling eyelashes sweeping her somewhat pale cheeks; for Dollie, though enjoying excellent health, had a somewhat delicate complexion, to which even the air of Riddleton Moor never gave a dairy-maid's color. The breath fell low and regular from the slightly parted lips, and gradually the girl's hopes, thoughts, and inspirations began to seethe and bubble in that most restless of all cauldrons, the sleeper's brain. She was on Riddleton Moor, and Gerald once again waged that dire struggle for mastery betwixt horse and rider; yet again a half-cry escaped the sleeper's lips, and a stifled murmur of, "Killed, killed!—my God! killed at my bidding!" Then the gray, with lowered crest and drooping ears, crossed her vision, and a triumphant cry from Gerald rang in her ears: "Conquered all the same, Dollie; see—he's cowed, he's cowed." Once again turned the picture, like the ever-shifting combinations of a kaleidoscope, and Gerald, stretched pale and senseless on a hurdle, with the blood trickling freely from an ominous wound in his forehead, passed, like Banquo's ghost, in ghastly procession athwart her troubled brain; then she was seated in a carriage on the famous Heath at Newmarket—Heath, mind, that Dollie had never as yet seen. She saw the undulating emerald swath stretching far away on every side as she had never seen turf yet, and comprehended at once a remark of her father's that had often puzzled her: "There are horses that won't run at Newmarket; the expanse of the Heath seems to cow them." The Two Thousand was about to be run. Oh, where did they start? Could nobody tell her? She appealed to several people—people she did not know, but whose faces she saw distinctly in her dream; but nobody seemed to know anything about it, while every one seemed to wonder what *she* did there. Then suddenly she encountered Cuthbert Elliston, who, in answer to her mute appeal, pointed derisively to a place where some dozen or more of horses were kicking, rearing, plunging, and indulging in all sorts of equine vagaries; but prominent amongst them all, like "Lucifer, Son of the Morning," in the midst of his satellites, was that handsome iron-gray colt, taxing all Gerald's powers to retain his seat, without further troubling his head about the control of his unruly charge.

Then came a chaos in Dollie's dream, and the horses and riders were all blended in apparently inextricable confusion, such as one sees in some spectacle of the arena just previous to the whole mass tumbling into their proper places. Then came a burst of light, and a troop of gayly dizened horsemen streamed in a clump across the plain, while another, in the far background, battled fiercely with a truculent gray steed. Again the scene becomes misty, and when the white fog lifts, that contumacious gray colt is leading his field six lengths, and the roar of the ring proclaims the fact that Bill Greyson wins, and the bookmakers have had a good race. Enthusiastic those children of the brazen throat and mystic circle whenever a neglected outsider comes to their aid. Once more the girl's high-strung nerves carry her away, and she pictures in her slumbers an objection after the race. Gerald has won, but they decline to award him the prize. She does not know what is wrong, but she is conscious that Gerald's claim is disallowed. She does not know the reason, but is quite clear upon that point. He has won, and he has lost. Scored a big race, and buried a reputation; ah, why?—how? And then the tears well slowly under the long curled lashes, and Dollie once more subsides into dreamless oblivion.

Queer things these visions of the night-time—distorted pictures of our waking fancies, for the most part. Panoramas we usually imagine them; blurred photographs, and of very short duration, what they actually are.

But wherever there is a prohibitive ukase, so also there is a contraband trade. Lovers whose affair does not quite meet with the approval of the powers that be are sure to arrive at an underground post. Did not the authoress of "Mes Larmes," like the woodpecker, investigate a hollow tree in search of the Catullus-like effusions of young Mr. Pendennis? and did it not stand to reason that Dollie and Gerald also possessed a letter-box unrecognized of the Post-office officials?

In accordance with instructions so received, Gerald was by the low fence at the back of the orchard that evening.

"What is it, dearest?" he inquired, their first greetings over. "You said 'something of importance.' Does that mean good news for me in any shape?"

"I think so, but you will be a better judge than I of that. You are to be sent to Newmarket to ride in the Guineas."

"By Jove, that's a big opening," exclaimed young Rockingham; "rather too big. You see, that means riding against all the best form in England, and I can't flatter myself I'm equal to that. But it's not likely I'll be put up on anything that's good for much."

"You are to ride your present charge, Gerald, and I've heard you say, as my father does, that, if he likes, the Dancing Master's the best three-year-old in England."

"I believe honestly he is; but, Dollie, I know the horse thoroughly, and tell you candidly that, as far as I am concerned, I shall have very little to do with it. He will do as he likes, and George Fordham himself could do nothing with him if he is in one of his wicked moods. It's a bit of very doubtful luck. My precious cousin is not likely to overlook me at Newmarket if I am riding his horse."

"Why, he never noticed you here."

"True; but I can't muffle up there. Men take stock of jockeys in a big race who would never notice stable-boys. Then, again, Cuthbert Elliston hates the sight of the Dancing Master, he has lost his money over him so often, and as the horse behaved particularly badly this morning, he never came near to look him over. It was easy not to be recognized here, but at Newmarket it will be almost impossible to escape detection."

"And what if you are?" asked Dollie, proudly.

"Ay, I know I ought to say also, 'What if I am?'" rejoined her lover, sadly. "I ought to be thankful to get an honest living anyhow, but you see I can't quite forget the old pride of birth and position, and wince at the idea of Gerald Rockingham being seen riding races for a living."

"You'll have to face that, dearest," she rejoined, in a low voice. "If you love me, it ought not to seem so very dreadful. If you fear to face the world as a jockey, how will you find the courage to marry a trainer's daughter?"

"You're right, Dollie," he replied, firmly. "All the world knows I'm ruined. It is well they see one Rockingham getting a living by the Turf. But did your father say positively he should send the horse to Newmarket, or is it to depend on the result of a trial?"

"No, he said he should chance it—that there was no dependence to be placed on the Dancing Master."

"He's quite right. He might win here and lose on the Heath, or *vicé versa*."

"And now, Gerald, I must run away, or else I shall be missed. I dreamed I saw the whole race this afternoon. I fell asleep, and thought they all behaved very badly at the post, but none so badly as your horse, and then all was mist, and then I saw you win easily."

"Good-by, dearest," said young Rockingham, gayly. "We want no better trial than that."

"Good-by," whispered Dollie, and she resolved not to dash her lover's spirits by telling him the finish of her dream.

It is early morning, and there is some little stir visible on Riddleton Moor. Under Joe Butters's auspices some of the boys are carefully unsheeting three or four horses, tightening the girths, and putting a last touch or two to their toilets generally.

"Now, young 'un," said Mr. Butters, oracularly, "this is the Friday before 'the Guineas,' and, as usual, we are going to take the measure of our 'Two Thousand' horse."

"I don't suppose we shall learn much more than we learned the other day when Mr. Elliston was here to see," said Forrest, sententiously.

"We may or may not," retorted Butters; "we're going to try that gray colt in real earnest this morning, regular weights, and all the rest of it; what they'll be, Mr. Greyson only knows. If you can make your horse run honest, we shall know whether we ought to win on Tuesday."

At this juncture the trainer himself arrived on the ground. Jim Forrest and three other lads are successively ordered to get into a weighing machine already on the ground, and then Mr. Greyson indulges in some mysterious juggling with saddle-cloths and bits of lead. This apparently at last settled to his liking, there comes much accurate weighing of the saddles themselves; and then the trainer, assisted by Butters, personally sees to the placing them on the horses' backs.

"Now, my lads," says Greyson, quietly, as, his arrangements completed, he mustered them down at what they all well knew was the mile-post, "you are going to ride a trial gallop this morning; and mind you pay strict attention to my orders. You, Sampson, on that three-year-old, will make the pace as hot as you can and as long as you can; but I reckon the half-mile post will see you about done with. Take Phaeton to the front, Matthews, and go on with the running as soon as Sampson has shot his bolt; while you, Tom, wait upon Phaeton till a hundred yards from home, and then go up with Caterham, strangle him, and win. Now, Forrest, my only orders to you are, don't fidget your horse, and win if you can. If he's running kind and free, take him along; if he sulks, nurse and humor him; but you are to be first past the post if you can."

The boys made no reply, but reined their horses back, and speedily got well together, the gray behaving, for a wonder, with singular propriety, enabling Butters to give the word "Go" to a very good start. The three-year-old whose mission it was to make the running dashed at once to the front, and the Dancing Master, who seemed suddenly to have completely changed his disposition, jumping off at the word, promptly took second place. Mindful of his horse's irritable temperament, Jim allowed him to stride along as he pleased, with the comfortable conviction that his mount, in racing parlance, was treading the leader's heels off. Soon after passing the half-mile post, the three-year-old making the running, in accordance with his trainer's anticipation, showed symptoms of distress, and Jim assumed the lead, his horse going strong and well.

"By the Lord! the gray walks in!" ejaculated Bill Greyson, as, nearing home, Phaeton tried vainly to run up to the Dancing Master—and to any judge of racing it most assuredly looked as if Jim Forrest would win easily—when suddenly, for no apparent reason, the gray swerved, and, bolting across the gallop, made the best of his way in the direction of his own stable, despite all the efforts of his rider to control him. A capital set-to between the four-year-olds resulted in the triumph of Caterham by half a length.

"Mr. Elliston's right," muttered the trainer. "He aren't worth sending to Newmarket or anywhere else; however, go he shall this time and take his chance. The form, too, is right enough; and if he'd only stuck to his work, I should have tried him good enough to win any Two Thousand. Yes, Joe," he continued, turning to Butters, "you may send 'em home now; that gray colt would spoil any one's breakfast. I suppose *he's* about got home by this."

"No; young Forrest has got the upper hand of him again, and is bringing him back."

Mr. Greyson made no reply, but shook his head in moody silence as he mused over the Dancing Master's iniquities.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THE TWO THOUSAND."

There is much stir and bustle in the turf metropolis this April morning, for is not the first great three-year-old contest of the year to be decided in the course of the afternoon? Keenly are the respective merits of the candidates discussed by lords and legs, by backers and bookmakers. One name especially seems to be in all men's mouths, and that not the name of a horse, but that of a leading turf magnate. What did Sir Marmaduke Martindale mean doing? That astute tactician had two horses engaged; both were at Newmarket, well, said the horse-watchers, and each had been backed by Sir Marmaduke to win a heavy stake; but about which would profit him most by victory opinion differed, and was apt to be biassed a good deal by what would most benefit the speaker. Turf vaticination is more frequently the expression of the prophet's hopes than a genuine statement of opinion. Both horses figured prominently in the betting, and had more than once changed places in public favor. Some old stagers who had witnessed much manipulation of the strings in their time, and who had been at first considerably staggered by the bold demonstration in favor of Bushranger made by Sir Marmaduke that afternoon at Tattersall's, laughed now, and declared it was a mere *ruse* to drive Pibroch back in the market; and it certainly looked like it now, as those most intimately connected with the stable were steadily supporting the latter, and seemed indisposed to invest money on Bushranger.

"Well," said Cuthbert Elliston to his partner, as they strolled up and down in front of the rooms, "it is all right now; but I own Sir Marmaduke frightened me the day he put so much money on the second string. We shall land a nice little haul over Pibroch."

"Yes; if it comes off," replied Pearson.

"Come off! He's certain to win, from all I hear, and Bob Broughton told me just now he had taken back all he laid against him; and Broughton knows what he is about as well as any man that goes racing."

"Yes, but there's no certainty about anything connected with racing, we both know very well. I've got a message for you from old Greyson."

"Why, he's not here, is he?"

"No; but he has sent Butters in charge of that gray colt, and bade Butters tell us from him that the colt is very fit, and will run well if in the humor."

"Perhaps he would; but then he never is. Did he try him?"

"Yes; but it seems the brute bolted, and therefore he is no wiser than he was before, as far as that goes."

"Well, it is his own speculation," replied Elliston; "he pays the entrance and all expenses connected with the horse's running."

"Hum!" observed Pearson, meditatively. "Do you think it worth while having a trifle on the Dancing Master between us? Just to save us. We stand to lose a good bit of money over Pibroch, you know; and these rum-tempered brutes, if they ever win, always do when you don't want 'em to."

"You can do as you like, of course; but *I* don't fool away last year's winnings in that fashion. Pibroch and Sir Marmaduke are good enough; and we can trust to the two four-year-olds to do us a turn later on."

Pearson walked away, still turning over in his mind the fact that Greyson had thought it worth while to send the Dancing Master to Newmarket. He was much more prudent in his speculations than his partner, and did not at all like the idea of letting a dangerous horse what is termed "run loose"—that is, unbacked—which might cost him a deal of money. Old Greyson he regarded as a very astute trainer, besides being very careful of his money: not in the least given to throw his bank-notes about rashly. He must have formed a very high opinion of this colt to have sent him all the way from Yorkshire at his own expense. The Dancing Master was almost friendless in the betting, fifty to one being, indeed, freely offered against him. Sam Pearson came to the conclusion that it would be as well to have a trifle on the horse, for fear of accidents.

And now flies, hacks, and carriages are all brought into requisition, and the motley crowd surges out of the town toward the famous Heath. The London special is in, and its freight, after scrambling for a hasty luncheon at the Rutland, also pour out to the scene of battle. Two or three minor events are decided, and over some of these speculation waxed high, for Sir Marmaduke and his school would gamble as fiercely over a small selling race as over one of the great events of the year. But these at last are disposed of, and all the leading racing men thronged to the Bird Cage to take stock of the Two Thousand horses; Sir Marmaduke's pair naturally attracted most attention. Of Pibroch, good judges were warm in commendation; but much wonder was expressed that so much money should have been laid out on Bushranger, who was pronounced peacocky, a three-cornered brute, and was very generally disliked. Had he been human he could not fail to have been much wounded by his own unpopularity; but, as a horse, he was naturally but little affected by the contumelious epithets applied to him. The Dancing Master attracted but little attention; now and again some man, who really did know a galloper's points, would ask eagerly, "What's that?" but the minute he heard the name, took no further interest in the horse. There is seldom much enthusiasm about rank outsiders, whether on the race-course of Newmarket or the race-course of life; when they do win, a crowd flock around them, stare, and are wildly enthusiastic about their good qualities; but it needs success to reveal these perfections to the public.

At last the process of saddling is completed, and the competitors canter down to the starting-post. Sir Marmaduke exchanges a few words with his trainer, puts another thousand on Pibroch, which has the effect of making that noble animal one of the hottest favorites which has run for many a year, and, as he saunters up the steps of the Jockey Club Stand in his usual languid fashion to see the race, expresses the conviction that his pair will be first and second.

"He always was a beautiful mover," muttered Sam Pearson, as he watched the Dancing Master lobbing lazily down to the post. "I wonder what boy they have got on him, and if the young beggar has a decent idea of riding? Hang it! I'm blessed if I don't throw away a tenner on old Greyson's spec." And acting on this resolution, Pearson hailed one of the magnates of the Ring, who speedily accommodated him with five hundred to ten against the Dancing Master. Hardly had he done so when Pearson rather repented of the wager. The horses were now in the starter's charge, and the Dancing Master, sticking his toes in the ground, steadily refused to go anywhere near his companions.

"Steady, Jim," said Butters, as, taking hold of the horse's head, he caressed him, and tried, at first unsuccessfully, to lead him toward the others. "Be patient, and don't give 'em a chance to start without you, if you can help it." And the horse, as if ashamed of the reproof, walked somewhat sullenly toward his fellow-competitors. Two or three minutes, and down goes the flag, whilst a roar from the crowd proclaims they are off, and, what is more, to an excellent start, with one notable exception. As the flag fell, the Dancing Master gave a sudden plunge, and jumped off something like two lengths to the good, and, to the astonishment of the lookers-on, was soon sailing away with the most commanding lead. Jim's spirits rose. This was a bit of luck he couldn't have hoped for. Still, he knew well what a very uncertain temper his mount possessed, and that though it was fine just now, he might expect a change in the weather at any moment. His horse had taken hold of his bit, and was striding along in his very best form. Jim bore in mind what old Greyson had told him, that his only chance of winning was to let the horse do it himself, and not attempt to assist or interfere in any way with him. He sat as still as death, not daring to move, and as he led his field down the Bushes' Hill, the riders of Pibroch and Bushranger began to feel uneasy about this dark outsider, who showed no sign of coming back to them. After passing the Bushes, the rider of Pibroch made a resolute attempt to get on terms with the gray, but it was useless, and in a few strides he dropped away beaten, and gave way to his stable companion. Half-way up the hill Bushranger was in difficulties, but though he struggled on gamely in his trouble, and answered gallantly to the call his jockey made upon him, he only succeeded in finishing a bad second to the Dancing Master, who sailed past the post four lengths to the good.

"Done crisp as biscuits!" exclaimed the Baronet. "Who the deuce could have expected to find such a flyer amongst the dark division? Ah! Mr. Elliston, allow me to congratulate you on such a *coup*. You've a clinking good colt in the gray."

Cuthbert Elliston's face, already settled into a sullen scowl, darkened considerably as he heard this pleasant observation. He had lost a lot of money over the race, which, it was true, the stakes would more than pay; but then, again, he had given away his horse—a horse now worth four thousand pounds or so, and Elliston was the last man in the world to part with anything representing that sum gratuitously. Then, again, here had been the chance of winning a large stake at a comparatively insignificant outlay, and he had missed that golden opportunity, despite his trainer's advice. No, Cuthbert Elliston's expression was by no means heavenly as he rejoined, curtly,

"Thank you, Sir Marmaduke, but I hadn't a shilling on my own horse, whilst I stood Pibroch for a raker."

"Ah! the beggar couldn't quite stay," replied Sir Marmaduke. "Just what I was afraid of; but the other, ugly as he is, ran game enough. No idea, of course, you had such a clipper. Don't want to sell him, do you? He's in the Derby, of course?"

"No, I don't want to sell him, because he's not mine to sell," retorted Elliston. "Yes, he is in the Derby; but as he's the worst-tempered brute in England, and only ran straight to-day by a miracle, I don't recommend you to back him for Epsom."

"Sorry, Mr. Elliston, it was such a bad race for you," returned Sir Marmaduke, as he touched his hat in sign of adieu; "but I have had too great a twister myself to offer further condolence. If I can't buy your horse, perhaps you will part with your boy. He sat still and rode a queer-tempered horse with both patience and judgment—two things not easy to lay hands on as jockeys go nowadays."

"I don't even know who he is; but one of Greyson's lads, I presume. Good-afternoon, Sir Marmaduke"; and Elliston strolled off to have a look at the Dancing Master.

That he should receive no end of congratulations from his acquaintances on his victory was natural, and what annoyance these were to a man of his cynical temperament we can easily imagine. It has happened to many of us. To avow our intention of doing one thing, and then doing another, is so common a weakness of humanity; and when our original intention has turned up trumps, to be complimented on our astuteness is a bitter but every-day experience. As he walked toward where Butters was proudly leading the Two Thousand victor up and down amidst an admiring crowd, he encountered Pearson.

"A devil of a chance missed, Sam!" he exclaimed. "Lucky for me I have got the stakes to draw upon to pay my bets. But though you are fortunately not quite so deep in the scrape as myself, I'm afraid you've had a real nasty race."

"Not so bad as it might have been. I followed old Greyson's 'final,' and took five hundred to ten about the winner."

"The deuce you did!" replied Elliston, feeling still more disgusted with the race if possible on finding that his partner had followed the hint he had neglected.

"Yes; but, Elliston, do you know who it was that rode the Dancing Master?"

"Forrest, I think I heard the young brute's name was. One of Greyson's boys, of course."

"The winner *was* ridden by one of Greyson's lads, and that lad was your cousin's son, Gerald Rockingham."

"That young whelp is bound to be my ruin," growled Elliston, with a savage execration.

"Hum! I begin to think he may settle the score his father had against you in full," said Pearson. "Those acceptances of yours, remember, have never been found, but it does not follow that they don't exist."

"He'll get his living in some other stable, or, better still, his death," returned Elliston, with a scowl, "but he'll ride no more for mine."

"He's not likely to lack riding now," observed Pearson, with a shrug of his shoulders.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAMES L. CLAGHORN.

PHILADELPHIA and the country at large have reason to miss the late Mr. JAMES L. CLAGHORN, who died suddenly in that city on the 26th of August, in his sixty-eighth year. He was a patron of the fine arts in the best sense; that is to say, he intelligently appreciated them, he gathered examples of them, and he brought others face to face with them. Particularly to young students were his services the most generous. At his death he was President of the Academy of Fine Arts, President of the School of Design for Women, Treasurer of the Fairmount Park Art Association, Treasurer of the Garfield Monument Fund, Treasurer of the Meade Memorial Fund, and owner of the largest and worthiest private collection of steel engravings and etchings in the world.

At the same time he was an active and successful business man, and President of the Commercial National Bank of Philadelphia. For twenty-one years, from 1840 to 1861, he was a member of the firm of JENNINGS, THOMAS, GILL, & Co., commission merchants, where he acquired a large fortune. His thoughts were divided between finance and fine art, and he best liked to use his money in buying pictures.

The writer of these paragraphs had the pleasure of seeing Mr. CLAGHORN a few months ago in the gallery of engravings which is a part of his house. The fondness of this distinguished banker and connoisseur for the art treasures that he had collected was as simple, as unmixed, and as earnest as that of a child for his favorite toys; and after showing them to his guest, explaining the history of the more noted ones, and stating briefly and clearly his ideas of the comparative value of engravings and oil-paintings, he took him up to his work-shop, as he called it, where in huge portfolios and large oaken drawers made specially for the purpose was stored the bulk of his pictures. "My gallery," he said, "contains only a few specimens. I own fifty thousand engravings and etchings, and here they are, arranged in chronological order, and classified as well, so that I can lay my finger upon any one I want." He had all the facilities for mounting them, and he could have framed them as skillfully as a frame-maker. On returning down-stairs he asked his visitor to step in and look at the nursery and the latest playthings of his grandchild. It was pleasant as a breath of spring to hear the fine old man expatiating on his affection for that boy, and to see him handling and explaining the freshest of his gimcracks. On reaching the gallery again a young woman was seen examining the engravings. "She is one of our art students," he said. "I receive many of them here almost every day."

During the late war Mr. CLAGHORN was as active in his patriotism as if the salvation of the country depended upon him alone. He was the founder of the Union Club, which afterward became the famous Union League Club, of which he was treasurer until he died; and most of the one hundred thousand dollars raised for enlisting soldiers came through his personal appeals, and figured on his subscription list. In 1865, after the war had successfully ended, he went to Europe, visited the principal museums, and gave a dinner to three hundred Americans in Paris on the Thanksgiving-day appointed by President JOHNSON. In 1870 Mr. CLAGHORN told a friend that he held not less than sixty-one distinct trusts. He leaves a widow, a son, two sisters, and an honorable name.

TORPEDO WARFARE.

SIDE by side with the construction of huge iron-clads has proceeded the development of a specific bane for these prodigious war-ships—the torpedo. This implement of destruction has been greatly perfected through the well-known inventions of WHITEHEAD, SWARTZKOPF, LAY, and others, and through devices now under examination in this country by a board appointed for the purpose. In some of these, gun-cotton or dynamite is invoked to increase the destructiveness of the projectile. ERICSSON'S *Destroyer*, with its submarine bow gun for shooting torpedoes several hundred feet through the water, has a character all its own. In torpedoes of the WHITEHEAD and HAIGHT-LAY class, which are not fired from guns, but provide their own motive power, compressed air, or carbonic acid gas, or electricity, as the case may be, furnishes the propulsion or controls the point of explosion. In the modern torpedo-boat, to use the words of Lieutenant-Commander BARBER to the Senate Naval Committee, we find "the most wonderful combination of speed, lightness, and handiness that is now afloat, and of these boats Europe possesses hundreds." A cut on page 579, representing a fleet of Yarrow sea-going torpedo vessels passing each other at a speed of twenty knots to attack line-of-battle ships, gives an idea of the possibilities of this form of warfare.

Germany has arranged to add no fewer than one hundred and fifty torpedo vessels to her coast defenses. Russia began several years ago the construction of one hundred torpedo boats, after her experience of torpedo warfare in the Black Sea during her last conflict with Turkey. England this year adds four new torpedo boats to her fleet, and has great quantities of torpedoes ready for use. France and Italy are among the foremost in this rivalry, and the great armored ships of the latter power carry torpedo launches in their holds.

Not long ago, on the coast of Algiers, Admiral JAURÈS made practical tests of *torpilleurs*, which he declared to be decisive of their efficiency. Two torpedo boats easily attained the great speed of eighteen knots an hour; and as these boats are constructed for use as rams, it is evident that a squadron attempting to escape at the speed of an ordinary iron-clad might be overtaken and struck at a high velocity by the pursuers. If, on the other hand, the armored ships move at full speed against the torpedo boats, the time during which the latter are under the fire of the artillery is so reduced as to greatly avoid the chances of their being hit and sunk. The trials off Algiers were made in a calm sea, with bright moonlight, at a fixed hour of the night, when the officers and men of the squadron were on the lookout. The *torpilleur*, nevertheless, was not descried until within a distance of three-fifths of a mile; and as the boat and squadron were approaching each other, about one minute after the former was seen she was within sixteen feet of the admiral's vessel. No fact could more strikingly show how like a thunder-bolt the perfected torpedo vessel of the future will hurl itself upon its gigantic adversary, trusting to its speed, and to the minuteness of the target it furnishes, for protection against his cannon.

Experiments made at Toulon this summer in a high wind and rough sea showed that the boats invariably hit the target with their torpedoes, in spite of the disturbance produced by the rush of speed. Above all, since the torpedo system is based on the attack of a blockading squadron not by a single boat, but by a swarm of boats, as suggested by our illustration, the chances of destroying several costly iron-clads with these comparatively cheap assailants are multiplied.

What special counter-agencies have been provided to meet this danger? First, it is believed that the electric light will prevent these enemies from stealing swiftly up without discovery. Unquestionably this light will be an aid; but the boats would come in from all directions, and the light would help the assailants as well as the assailed, especially as a flotilla might include gunboats firing heavy projectiles at a well-illuminated target. In the second place, a modern armored squadron has its own torpedo launches and its dispatch-boats for scouting. Still, these smaller craft would run some risk of being mistaken for the enemy, and of attacking each other. The main source of defense, however, is the suspension of a steel netting several yards distant from the side of the vessel. While the use of these hanging screens is undeniable, it is obvious that they must greatly reduce the speed of the vessel and interfere with its handling. Even for protecting vessels at anchor they are cumbersome to carry.

One English writer is so impressed by the ruin which a fleet of torpedo vessels could produce that he proposes changes in construction for iron-clads, sacrificing speed to fighting power, and then having a faster squadron to accompany these slower ones. His vessel would be "a short and broad and strong-bowed ship, with a tumble-home side, and of deep draught; a cellular ship both above and below a submerged armor-plated deck, placed five feet below the water line, the bow and stern only being cased in armor; a recessed side of hull, shelving downward from the water line," this recess to be protected by a stout fixed net-work extending fifteen feet downward to arrest the blow of the torpedo, but not carried around the bow, since "increased cellular protection with cork fillings" can be afforded to that part of the ship. The novel feature of design in this device, which we have described in the phraseology of its proposer, "is the projecting side at the water line, to admit of a recess below, thus affording a water cushion to minimize the effect of torpedo explosion."

It is suggestive to find the enormous iron-clads seeking protection against their swarming little enemies—the Goliaths alive to the dangers in the slings of the Davids.

THE PRESIDENT AT NEWPORT.

THE manœuvres of the North Atlantic Squadron and the exhibition at the torpedo station were among the principal features of the festivities that enlivened the visit of President ARTHUR at Newport. The most interesting incident of the torpedo display was the blowing up of the old government schooner which for a long time has been lying a wreck on the banks inside the harbor.

A little before noon, on the 28th ult., the President arrived at the torpedo station from the *Dispatch*, and after being shown through the station, where the workings of the department were explained, he and his party were conducted down to the wharf to witness the blowing up of the old hulk. The launch, fitted with McLEAN'S electrical apparatus, was all ready, and to obtain a good view the whole party boarded the *Triana*, which was moored alongside the wharf. On the launch an explosive torpedo of a hundred pounds of gun-cotton was run out, and the boom sunk about ten feet away. She was sent and steered from shore by a single wire. She went directly to the wreck in a straight line, but the torpedo being too low, it failed to strike. The failure caused much amusement. The second experiment was a splendid success, as the torpedo struck the hull directly amidships, and the old wreck was sent flying in splinters in every direction. This closed the exercises, and the President expressed himself as much pleased with his visit.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Child Poems.—The Healtheries.—Noble Cab Owners. —A Surprise Cigar Cabinet.—The Malice of Fate.— The Deadly Fly.—French amenities.

EVERY one is looking forward to the publication of Mr. Louis Stevenson's *Child Poems* in the autumn, of which we have had one or two charming installments in the *Magazine of Art*. In this month's number is "The Land of Counterpane."

"When I was sick, and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay,
To keep me happy all the day.

"And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes through the hills.

"And sometimes sent my ships in fleets,
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

"I was the giant great and still,
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him field and plain,
The pleasant Land of Counterpane."

From a writer who possesses these tender fancies, and can at the same time do such vigorous work as is to be found in *Deacon Brodie*, acted at the Princess's Theatre the other day, there is much indeed to be looked for.

No one can deny that "the Healtheries," as the new exhibition is called, are a complete success, though somewhat in the same sense as "the Fisheries" were; that is, very few people care about the triumphs of science which it contains, but a great many people like the gardens. Nothing in this country in the nature of an out-door entertainment has ever been so well attended, for none has had such attractions. The brilliance and good taste of the lighting are beyond all praise, the seats are plentiful and comfortable, and the music is all that can be desired. It is not too much to say, in short, that these gardens, heretofore conventional and useless, have added a new pleasure to London summer life.

A great deal of ridicule has been cast upon certain noble lords, who combine with their functions of hereditary legislators the calling of cab proprietors; but as a matter of fact they are in their latter capacity doing a great public service. To the Premier Earl of England we owe the institution of the Forder hansom, the most elegant and comfortable hack-carriage in the world; and if our "four-wheelers" are ever to be improved, we shall probably owe it to some similar source. It is natural enough that "carriage people" should best understand what constitutes a comfortable vehicle; and for my part I look forward to the time when our aristocracy shall keep hotels, which shall provide dinners that are eatable and wines that are drinkable. The hotel proprietor can not do it, because he does not know what a good dinner is; even the best of them—I mean the best for the purpose—are retired butlers, whose experience has been gained behind their masters' chairs. Did anybody, for example, ever get good soup at a hotel, or, when it was complained of, persuade the proprietor to acknowledge that it was bad soup?

A very curious case has been tried respecting insurance, in which a workman has come to grief through preparing a present for the Prince of Wales. After the bombardment of Alexandria, Lord Charles Beresford picked up what he thought to be an exploded shell in the street, which, it struck him, would make an interesting "cigar cabinet" for his friend the heir-apparent. He accordingly sent it to a gunsmith to have it properly cut and polished. The fitter said, "Why, there's something in it"; but the foreman of the establishment, pointing to the hole for the fuse, replied, "If there was, there was plenty of room for it to get out without hurt." His consideration for the contents of the shell did not, in fact, extend to the fitter, who, upon proceeding to cut it in half, exploded it, and was almost blown to pieces. One has heard of a "surprise cigar" (where a cracker goes off in the middle, to the astonishment of the smoker), but a surprise cigar cabinet is a novelty. Prudence is not included among the family virtues of the Beresfords, but even though Lord Charles should not have thought it worth while to inquire whether the shell was still loaded, it seems amazing that it struck nobody else to do so. The fitter's all right now, and, I am glad to say, has in every sense "recovered his damages," but at the time how very much it must have astonished the fitter!

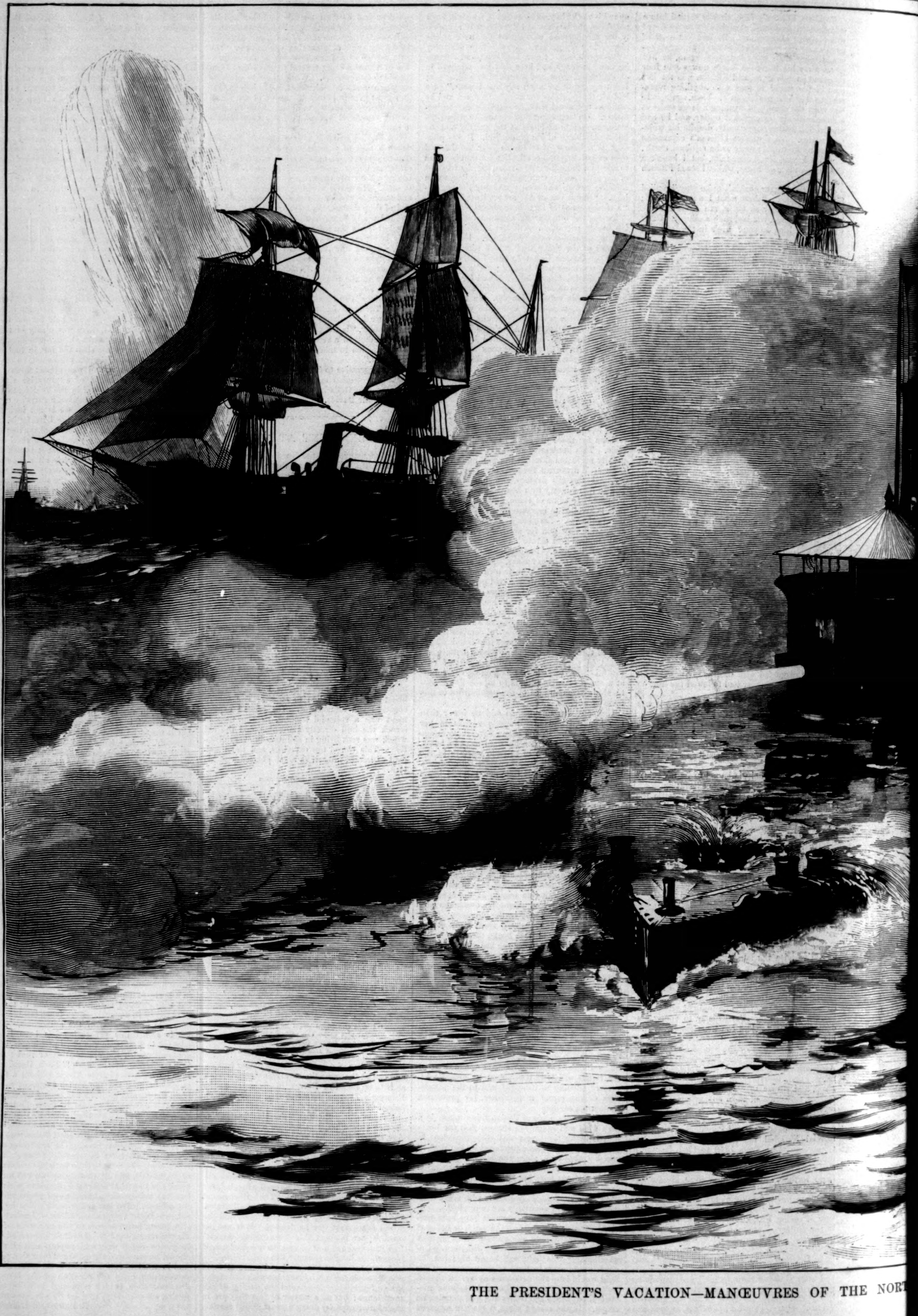
I remember an unfortunate gentleman being drowned in the Thames through having short hair. He might have been rescued, but the man who dived for him found nothing to lay hold of but bristles. I made up my mind thenceforth to despise fashion and to wear my hair long, and now I read that there is even danger in *that*. A young woman employed in a factory was combing her hair in it (where will young women *not* comb their hair if it is plentiful and of a nature to excite admiration?), when her long tresses were caught in the machinery, and she was carried by them round the shaft. It is very difficult, when she is bent upon doing poor humanity a mischief, to avoid the malice of Fate.

There is a well-known passage in literature which describes the kindest of men letting an insect escape from the window with the remark, "There is plenty of room both for thee and for me in the world." This can not be done with safety, we are now informed upon high scientific authority, in the case of the common fly. His room, indeed, is far preferable to his company, but it would be much wiser to kill him. "The house-fly," writes Mr. Alfred Wright, "possesses great power to disseminate infectious and contagious diseases," and recommends "a diffusion of eucalyptol" to secure us from the intrusion of such dangerous little visitors. I wonder what the sanitary experts will bid us beware of next? I anticipate a warning against the gnat, and a crusade against the gossamer.

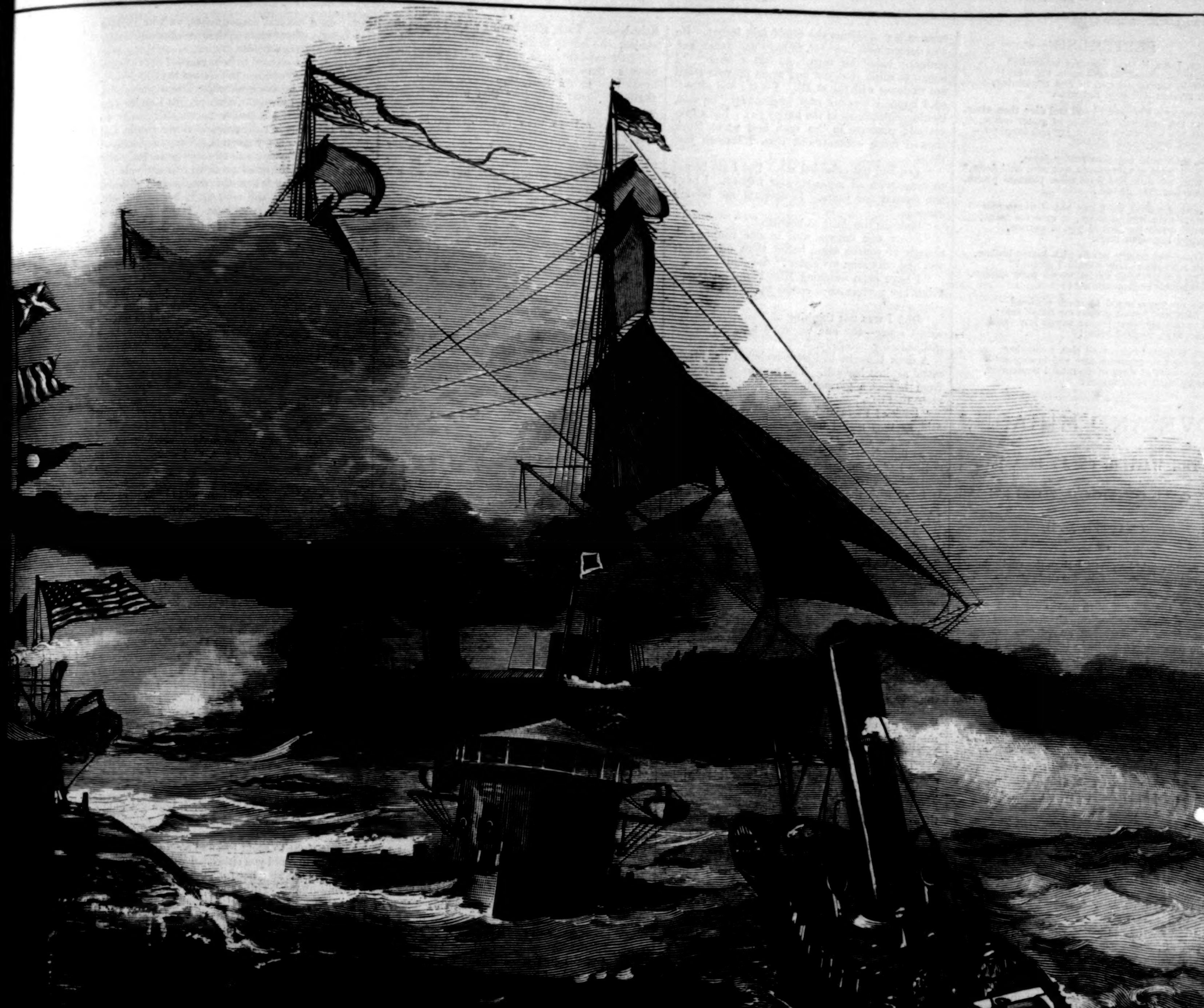
The last rumor from the stronghold of the Mahdi is the most marvellous of all. It is stated that some hundreds of Hicks Pasha's people are still alive, including two Europeans. The description of one of them tallies with that of Mr. Vizetelli, the artist, and it is quite probable that a man of that calling should be preserved by a savage chieftain for the pleasure of seeing the exercise of his skill. If the other chance to be Mr. O'Donovan, and the two are happily permitted to some day return to us, what a book would they produce between them! Even the interest of that undiscovered journal which probably lies beside the bones of Sir John Franklin would sink into insignificance compared with it.

Among savage tribes it is by no means unusual, when a debtor can not arrange with his creditors in a business-like way, to take it out of his skin; but with civilized nations the method is, to say the least of it, unusual. Even lynch-law has seldom the approbation of the authorities. And yet it seems this proceeding has been lately adopted in France, in the close propinquity and apparently with the approbation of that "majestic mistress of the world," Paris itself. A Pole having arrived from Russia without a ticket, and nothing but the Polish language to explain the absence of it, he has been subjected to the most unheard-of insults by the railway officials. He was handcuffed, beaten, tied with ropes, imprisoned for four days and nights, and finally had buckets of water (and Poles hate water) poured down his back. The treatment was, as the doctors term it, "heroic" (though they never apply the term to their patient's endurance of it), drastic, and to those who can not understand the fury that seizes a Frenchman when he has lost money, altogether out of proportion to the offense. The last infliction to which he was subjected was very characteristic. Ignorant as this poor foreigner was of the greatness of the French nation (and possibly little impressed with its politeness), it struck his captors that his mind should be improved and enlarged upon that point, and in order to engrave the circumstance on his recollection, upon the occasion of the National Demonstration (which happened to take place during his captivity) they let off crackers under his nose.

R. KEMBLE, of London.



THE PRESIDENT'S VACATION—MANŒUVRES OF THE NORT


J.O.DAVIDSON

ATLANTIC SQUADRON.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 581.]

SEPTEMBER.

I wonder, Love, if thou dost yet remember
The pale uncolored flowers upon the vine;
And how in spring we said in rich September,
These flowers will hold red wine.

"The summer's rose will bloom and die; then after,
Among the shadowed stillness of green leaves,
We shall pluck clusters full of joy and laughter—
Pale gold, like yellow sheaves.

"Or we shall hold together tender faces,
And pull large purple grapes wet with cool dews."
Come with me now and seek these pleasant places,
Lest we our vintage lose.

Come with me now, we know not if to-morrow
We shall have lips to laugh, or eyes for tears;
Or if we'll crush the lees of joy, or sorrow,
Of happy hopes, or fears.

Then Love said fondly words with kisses broken,
"I do remember—how should I forget?"
Judge ye for me what tender words were spoken,
Love owning such sweet debt;

How we on tiptoe stood to reach o'erhead
The dark and lucent grapes on either side:
Judge ye for me what tender words Love said
To me, his promised bride!

O heart, if thou forget'st all else, remember
Those days in gracious ease and beauty set—
The vine-crowned days of bountiful September,
Memory shall ne'er forget!

LOVE AND MIRAGE;[*]

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XVII.

IDYLS.

Nothing could be prettier than the rustic jollity prepared by the fisher-folk for their guests. The site chosen was a fair open space in the very heart of the forest, with park-like knolls and beechen groves affording rich shadow round about. A smooth circle of golden sward was set apart for the dancers, and a little beyond, the flame of gypsy fires and fisher maidens bustling about tables covered with snowy napkins betokened the preparation of coffee. On the lower branches of the encircling trees were hung Chinese lanterns, which lent the scene a festive look, the effect of these bright colors being heightened by the gay dresses of the ladies. The celebration was entirely popular, and rich and poor had turned out to take part in it; but as costume exists no longer, even in the Cannibal Islands, it could hardly be looked for here. The fair-haired, apple-cheeked daughters of these sturdy islanders, descendants of pirate kings of the olden time, were dressed every whit as modishly as the belles of Northern capitals who had come so far in search of the picturesque. Not an outlandish head-gear to be seen, not one pigtailed, short-kirtled Gretchen among the bevy of home-bred beauties; nor were the men bedizened after the manner of their forefathers. The chimney-pot hat, the frock-coat, the pantaloon, formed the Sunday dress of the poorest. After all, let æsthetes tear their hair and wring their hands over the vanished costumes that made the world so pretty. All who care for the moral uplifting and social regeneration of our poorer brethren know that deepest wisdom and highest promise underlie this imitative instinct on their part. When all the world are clothed like ladies and gentlemen, all the world will strive after the ideal contained in the words, not the least feature of which is decorum and gentleness in speech and behavior. By dress is the divine doctrine of equality to be preached from one end of the globe to the other. Here, moreover, equality was no fiction even on Prussian soil. The fisherman might invite a titled Fräulein to the waltz, the village girl without shame accept the hand of a grandee for the cotillion. All was geniality and neighborly feeling. Arthur and Harvey were soon busy among the coffee-cups, serving not only Elizabeth and Flora, but any womankind who happened to be handy. Then, flushed with the heat of the gypsy fires, and breathless with running to and fro in company of other cavaliers, they made raids upon the cakes piled on neighboring stalls. It was a scene of indescribable enjoyment. Everybody was hot; not a gown without its tear. Yet all faces showed exhilaration. Why merry-making out-of-doors should always raise our spirits may be accounted for in the fact that Nature compels naturalness, strive against her as we will. The foot-marks of fauns and satyrs still linger in the forest. Something, we know not what, reminds us that the pranksome world of eld hath not wholly vanished.

By-and-by, according to local fashion, the procession formed for the dance, young and old making the round of the woodland cirque in couples to the slow time of music. Harvey, enchanted, led off Flora; Arthur, somewhat crest-fallen, saw Elizabeth already paired with an elderly partner, no other than the fisherman at whose house she lodged. This worthy personage never danced but once a year, and always upon these occasions demanded the hand of one of the prettiest guests in the place—a favor readily accorded, as he was a famous boatman, and well known to all. But the luck ran against Arthur. Dressed in white, with blue corn-flowers in her hair and on her bosom, Elizabeth seemed possessed by the very genius of dancing just then. She had hardly dismissed her first partner when another came up, a gray-haired colonel, a *table d'hôte* acquaintance, to claim a promise of three weeks' standing; then a little lad who had been similarly favored; then a still younger child just able to toddle through the quadrille. Sparkling, animated, rosy, Elizabeth had evidently made up her mind to fling care to the winds for that afternoon.

Arthur fancied himself avoided because he reminded her of things she would fain forget. He was determined, however, to have one dance, and patiently bided his turn. At last it came. "I began to think that you had made up your mind not to dance with me at all. Yet if I had offended, I hoped it was not past forgiveness," he said, looking rapturously at the happy girl. Not a five-year-old coquette in the sash and white frock showed more contentment than Elizabeth just then.

"You had not offended me. But I am bound to dance with all my particular friends. I have not danced for years. It delights me beyond measure."

"Because you do it so beautifully."

"Every one dances well in our country, although of course some better than others. If you had only seen my sister!" she said.

"I have been watching Miss Flora. I hardly think her performance comes up to the level of your own."

"Oh! I was not thinking of Flora, but of our eldest sister—the one we have lost," cried the girl, coloring painfully.

A dark thought had overshadowed her bright mood against her will. The gaysome fit dropped from her as a garment. She would dance no more that day.

"Look at Flora and your brother!" Elizabeth said, as they rested under the lime-trees within sight of the dancers. "Why can not you and I be as light-hearted as those two?"

She had, then, detected his own preoccupation and skin-deep carelessness, thought Arthur. How it fared with the pair of young lovers waltzing just then so merrily it was easy to see; would a better opportunity come for finding out how it stood with themselves?

"That is a question no other can answer for us. Let us for once and for all get to the bottom of things. Speak—or listen," he said.

"I have not the courage to speak, and till I have spoken, I dare not listen," answered Elizabeth.

"If summer lasted longer than two months in this sweet place, and life were all holiday, I should be the last person to rebel against such a state of things," rejoined Arthur. "Yet what more can this island give me than the thing I came to seek?"

"But the sorrow I fled from follows me still. Flora is a child, and concerns herself about nothing so long as the sun shines. I can not help looking deeper."

"The deeper you look, the more valorous you should become," Arthur said. "Why this shrinking from me? Am I not your friend?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, firmly and almost affectionately. "I have no misgiving where your loyalty is concerned. True you are, I am sure, and brave too. It is your very generosity that makes me hesitate. I fear to put it to a test that might make even my friendship for you bitterness and rue."

"Friendship! friendship!" cried Arthur. "May we not use a dearer, better word, you and I? So I have dreamed and hoped."

"No, no," Elizabeth made answer, evidently torn by inner conflict, shrinking, withstanding, from a stern sense of duty, the sweetness and solace implied in his words.

"I must not, I dare not, let our intimacy go farther. What room is there for better feelings in a heart overflowing with hate? We can be good friends, and some time or other I may summon up courage to unburden myself to you. But by word of mouth, never!"

"You shall write to me," Arthur put in, kindly.

Strange that with this beautiful girl, as with that other, whose image was ever before his eyes, he had to play the part of consoler. Elizabeth's sorrow seemed at times hardly less deep and absorbing than the grief of the unknown lady; in both cases, how flatteringly welcome his consolation and sympathy.

"Some day or other you shall certainly have a letter from me," Elizabeth said, smiling. "You will then understand these foolish, childish thoughts I have often given utterance to in your hearing. Requital, revenge, and so forth. How absurd to count upon redress for such wrongs as mine! How sinful to nurse in one's bosom plans of vengeance and retribution! We must ofttimes leave the wicked in God's hands."

"And in the devil's," laughed Arthur. "That is to say, to their evil conscience. Never fear that it does not sting."

"Have all human beings a conscience, think you?"

"Something that takes the place of one, anyhow. Something that makes people fear—and fear is hell. Otherwise why do the most atrocious criminals ever show a craven spirit?"

Arthur never doubted that Elizabeth was dwelling upon her own story: she had been brought to trust an unworthy lover, and womanly pride rather than outraged feeling had spoken out now.

His words seemed to satisfy her.

"It must be so," she mused; "otherwise all keenest pain would be endured by the true and the lofty-minded only. God would not permit such an injustice. Surely the gall and bitterness of wickedness are tasted by the wicked themselves."

She lapsed into silence, and Arthur humored her mood. These girlish confidences could but be very sweet, and if she had gently, yet firmly, degraded him from the rank of lover to friend, there was a melancholy consolation in that thought also. A never deeper interest was no longer a treachery to his feeling for her. He might freely indulge in other hopes and recollections. All things, at least for a time, were made clear as day between them.

When Elizabeth woke up from her reverie her mood was altered. She spoke now with alacrity, whether natural or affected he could not tell, and seemed anxious to touch on lighter themes. She asked him a dozen questions about his stay at the light-house. Then, after having played round the subject, she led up to his late visit.

"How captivating is our island! and nowhere more so than on that southern part. And the lime-trees at the Residency!" she cried. "In Berlin we boast of lindens that look as if they came out of a child's toy village. Can the world show nobler trees than those in the Prince's park?"

"In good sooth, no," Arthur said, carried away by her evident enthusiasm. "And the palace itself, with its marble colonnades, and rose garden about its fairy lake! I think I never saw a place that more struck my imagination."

"I have never been inside the palace," Elizabeth went on, in calm, slightly artificial tones. "They tell me it is more captivating within than without, a reminder of Haroun-al-Raschid. Are these reports exaggerated?"

"I do assure you, not in the least," Arthur said, forgetting for the moment her apparent distaste to this very subject. "There is a Titian, a Tintoret, a Velasquez, and dazzling splendors of a modern date. All these you should see."

Elizabeth listened coldly. It was quite clear that she wanted to learn more, but hesitated to show her inquisitiveness.

"Was the party at the palace an agreeable one?" she asked.

"We were but four," Arthur said. "The Prince, his secretary, my brother, and myself."

Elizabeth's face still betokened curiosity. She turned red, then pale, finally taking up her fan and using it as vigorously as if they were in a crowded drawing-room rather than a cool forest nook, she got out the query, "Then the Prince is not married?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PASTORAL.

The fishermen's ball ended for most folk at the children's bed-time, and whilst the sun yet gilded the rim of the upper forest world many were already wending their way homeward. How wonderful was the path—one of many—found by the too happy Flora and her knight Harvey, as they separated themselves from their friends, determined to have at least this one walk by themselves! Elizabeth would frown, and Flora was in mortal terror of her elder sister's righteous anger. Could Elizabeth's anger ever be otherwise? But just to-day Flora felt a little reckless, and even audacious. The dance out-of-doors, the feeling of festivity in the air, the music ringing through the woodland, exhilarated her beyond measure. She hoped, although she did not feel sure of it, that these things would in some degree affect Elizabeth also, and that she would make allowance for conduct arising from feelings she shared. From the natural cirque high up on the crown of the forest that had been chosen for the dance a dozen paths led homeward, and Flora, who acted as guide, naturally chose the most romantic, if indeed there was any choice in this island of romance. They first of all scrambled down the sides of a charming little ravine, the abrupt, tangled path leading into a cool, quiet glade where not a sign reached them of the upper world or the lower; alike forest and sea were here utterly shut out from ken. Flora laughingly put her finger to her lip, and, listening, Harvey caught one sound, a low musical murmur of hidden waters, although as yet no rivulet or brook was to be seen.

"We must find the brook and follow it, or we shall lose our way," Flora said; and on the other side of the glade, true enough, they soon discovered a little mountain rivulet, trickling and tossing over a pebbly bed, making as much ado, indeed, as many a broad stream. Down it ran between ferny banks and mossy stones, at every bend showing miniature cascades and weirs, the white crests of the tumbling waters and the large creamy agaric the only points of light in the dark picture. Here and there gleamed duskily deep orange poziza and other flowers of the underworld, and when they came to an opening they caught sight of a sun-ray gilding the upper region now left far behind. Around them all was coolness and deep shadow, but no monotony, every bend of the little torrent leading into new scenes; like a tricksy sprite playing at hide and seek, it now hid itself behind a huge tree stem, now dived deep into a tiny combe, and now slowly and deliberately meandered amid sedges dark as itself. This gamesome elf was up to a hundred antics, and never left the happy lovers for more than a minute or two at a time. It seemed to have a fellowship with their captious, uncertain mood—sweetest mood, perhaps, in which lovers ever find themselves, on the brink of a perfect understanding, at the same time willing and unwilling to attain it.

The artless girl knew as well as words could have told her what was on Harvey's lips, the secret of two or three delicious weeks hitherto not divulged by speech, and Harvey felt no misgivings, no playing with happy fate, no toying with sweet convictions on the part of this transparent-natured maiden. All with her was fair and legible as the blue eyes that opened to her lover's as a book. Flora's mission in the world was to love and to smile—no despicable one, seeing how much the toiling, moiling world is in need of love and smiles.

Love came not so much a surprise, perhaps, to the eighteen-year-old Flora as to the London-bred man of the world, almost ten years her senior. Harvey had caught his brother's trick of jesting at serious things, courtship and marriage among them, without taking account of the deeper feeling underlying Arthur's apparent skepticism. In sober fact, Arthur only waited for a perfect woman to fall in love and marry, and all the time Harvey listened to his jests in sober earnest, and acted upon them, Arthur kept a steady lookout lest his ideal should escape him—so impossible is it for the lesser nature to comprehend the larger. As a natural consequence, we who imitate our betters oftener aim at their weaknesses rather than their strong points.

Arthur had seemed to hold himself above sentiment, and Harvey could not choose but follow suit. On a sudden he woke up to the discovery—and a pleasant one, too—that, after all, his brother and himself were not superior beings, but prone to make themselves ridiculous, in other words, fall in love, like ordinary mortals. Thus they strayed homeward, following the stream, one moment shy and monosyllabic, the next audacious and voluble. They were quiet when the rivulet just plashed and that was all; the moment it battled noisely, they also became garrulous. It had led them lower and lower, and ever into deeper shadow; warm amber light still lingered about the high reaches of the forest, but their own little world, dusk and cool at all times, was now growing more and more obscure, the lovely green light turning every dell and glade into a solemn place. With the bendings and windings of the river they had passed from one scene of enchantment to another, and finally it landed them on to a grassy stage where the wood ended, and the open park-like spaces skirting it began.

One slope more and the corn fields would be reached, and the narrow little village street leading to the sea. Already they had before their eyes an arc of pale blue, and set round about broad stretches of ripe yellow wheat. In helping his companion over the brooklet Harvey had been obliged to take her hand, and somehow, after crossing it for the last time, he still retained his hold.

Flushed, sparkling, a stranger to herself in this moment of first girlish abandonment, Flora saw that her lover was equally distracted and happy. Harvey seemed suddenly overtaken by extraordinary self-confidence. His dauntless demeanor and airy port should have belonged, indeed, to one bent on far more startling emprize than the winning of a gentle maiden's hand. He looked, indeed, as if by anticipation he had already accomplished some tremendous exploit. Nothing magnifies us so much in our own estimation as first love, and Harvey and Flora were no less enchanted with each other and themselves than two little children just able to toddle who have rubbed cheeks and made friends.

"You will let me speak to Elizabeth to-morrow, will you not?" at last Harvey said, conscious of doing the beautiful thing he had to do in the awkwardest manner possible.

Flora laughed gayly and arched her pretty brows. "You talk to Elizabeth every day, without asking my leave," she said; then, blushing, she flitted like a shy little bird from the tempting snare. "I know what we shall both get to-morrow—a scolding."

"Nonsense!" Harvey answered; "Elizabeth has no right to scold me, and soon she shall have no right to scold you either. Listen; be serious," he added, making her for a moment sit on the turf beside him. "Things are very desperate, Flora, I believe, between my brother and your sister, but anyhow between us two. I want you to marry me this very year. Why wait," he blurted out, "since we love each other?"

Flora let one little hand rest within her lover's whilst she spoke out openly and daringly as himself. This new friend had on a sudden become so very close and dear! Her secrets must be his. In the least as well as greatest of his concernments she was henceforth to bear a part. The sense of acquisition and enlargement that promptly took possession of her was sweet and bewildering.

"I dare not disobey Elizabeth," she said, overcome with joyousness and sad misgivings both. "If she separates us, I am bound to submit. But I shall always love you all the same."

"Nonsense!" again urged Harvey, finding piquancy in the use of such unceremonious speech, already, as he thought, a guarantee of the sweet unceremonious life to come. "My little girl, my own Flora, you have only to say a word, and not the whole world, much less Elizabeth, can separate us."

Flora hearkened, blushing, tearful, blissful, yet unconvinced. "Elizabeth made me promise long ago never to—to do anything without consulting her," she stammered. "Elizabeth says that I must never dream of marrying, because of the misfortune and disgrace that have befallen our family."

"Misfortune! disgrace!" cried the young man, sturdily. He had never felt so manful and self-confident in his life. "Are you to be made unhappy because of the misdeeds of others? All the more reason why you should be loved and protected as I will love and protect you."

The pair were alone in their little world of cool green and deepening shadow, not so much as a bird to espy their doings. Quite pardonably Harvey caught her for a moment, lover-like, in his arms, and snatched a first kiss upon her rosy lips.

"Say all that to Elizabeth," Flora whispered.

"But I deny Elizabeth's right to interfere," Harvey went on. "When Arthur asks her to marry him, as of course he will, take my word for it she will never dream of consulting you."

"Elizabeth is five years older than I am."

"And Arthur is my senior also. Brothers and sisters have no jurisdiction over each other, and only self-assumed authority. I never dreamed, for instance, of telling Arthur that I intended to speak to you to-day."

"With men it is different," Flora said. "We have no mother, remember, and our father is incapable of taking care of us. It is Elizabeth's affection, not her love of authority, that makes her seem to domineer. She says that we are bound to disclose our family history before accepting an offer of marriage."

"Marry me first, and I will listen to as much family history as you like afterward," Harvey said, growing more and more defiant, "or at least promise to marry me."

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1440.

"No; Elizabeth would be displeased. But I promise never to marry any one else," Flora answered.

"I will talk to your sister. I will win her over. Arthur may say that my means are insufficient, but we will be very economical. I am sure two people can be as happy as the day is long on three hundred a year."

Flora opened her blue eyes with childish delight. The sum had a handsome, nay, magnificent sound in her German ears. Three hundred a year, indeed! She would undertake to keep house on one!

"Not in England," laughed Harvey; and so they prattled on about marriage and money and the countless topics that after the first whisper of love become common property. Then all at once aroused to the fact that the woods had grown very dark, and night was alarmingly near, they hastened home with the air of belated children who expect a whipping.

CHAPTER XIX.

CATASTROPHES.

AND next day, Sunday, how blessed were the young lovers as they attended divine service in the open air forest church (Waldkirche, as the island folk called it), for no other was near. Baptism, bridals, and burials were solemnized in the Dom of the little capital, that, perched on its airy height, could be seen from almost every part of the island; and in winter resolute church-goers from remote villages plodded thither through the snow, the undertaking only just being accomplished in the brief winter day. When leaves were green and mossy banks afforded pleasant resting-places, nothing more delightful than this woodland temple kind of amphitheatre had been made in the forest. The pastor's gown and cassock were in readiness, hanging on a tree hard by; and when the congregation had patiently awaited his arrival for half an hour or more, at last he came. How Flora's sweet, well-trained voice thrilled with joy as she joined in the grand old Lutheran hymn by her lover's side! How rapturously the young Londoner gave way to these *naïve* genuine emotions! Perhaps the sermon fell on careless ears, but the first prayer in which they joined in this forest aisle seemed a sacred bond. What passed afterward between the sisters Harvey did not learn as yet, but next morning when he met Flora on the shore, just below the little garden, her eyes were red with weeping.

They could not be alone in these narrow winding ways between the beechen wood and the sea, so they took the first steep path that led upward. Cool and fragrant were these dappled glades and close-set spinnies of larch and pine just above the unruffled bay. The wide world could surely show no sweeter place, to-day as always, all the more poetic and soothing from the absence of intense color and sharp lights and shadows. A subdued twilight radiance wraps this fair island—fair perhaps as Edens described for us by pearl divers in Indian seas. The flowers of these hanging gardens are of hardy Northern growth, yet they fling a rich mantle about the nether parts of the ancient forest, and deep and sombre the forest shadows above. No turquoise sea, no golden sands, no dazzling heavens here; every scene we gaze on rests alike the eye and the mind.

Little heed, however, paid poor weeping Flora to the delicious world she had waked up to that morning. She was with Harvey, sitting beside him on the very bench they had chosen during their first walk together; he was her own true friend, to be the husband of her choice, yet she was crying now as if her little heart would break.

And at last the disconcerted lover got out the reason. This was to be a parting. That very day Elizabeth was going to take her away. "Not on account of what you said to me last night," Flora got out between her sobs. "Elizabeth seemed hardly vexed, hardly astonished even, but something else has happened: I may not tell you what now: and in consequence everything is settled. We are to leave the island this very afternoon."

"I will see your sister. She can not refuse to hear what I have to say," Harvey cried. "Or I have a better plan still. I shall go with you."

The meaning of a lover began to dawn upon Flora's artless mind in right good earnest. Harvey, then, would cling to her, whatever might happen. Love did not mean only a stolen kiss and the sweet confidences of two, but a bond, a duty, a fellowship, that, once called into existence, would tell upon every incident of life. Her sorrows, her joys, her common days, were no longer her own. Love made them Harvey's business also. Even Elizabeth could not have it otherwise. "Go with you, or follow after, if your sister offers any objection to the first plan," Harvey went on. "The road to Bremen lies open to all. She may refuse my escort. She can not forbid the railway to give me accommodation."

He was smiling and confident in spite of Flora's distress, not able, indeed, to see why an abrupt departure need prove a terrible misfortune. Were there not country lanes and rustic stiles, inviting to lover-like confabulations, outside this island? Arthur might make what comments he pleased. He should at once make ready for his journey.

"We are not going straight home," Flora said. "Elizabeth wishes me to have more sea-bathing. We shall stop for a week or two on the opposite coast."

She had brightened as she heard, yet he could see that one sorrow he had not touched. Why such mysteriousness on Elizabeth's part? This sudden breaking up of a summer holiday? He looked the questions he could not venture to put even to his betrothed.

"Elizabeth will say nothing as to the reason of our departure, and you must put no questions to her," Flora went on. "She has other things to think of just now besides our affairs. I am not quite sure that she would object to your company. She seems terribly cast down."

"I fear sad tidings have reached you from home," at last said the young man, kindly, with almost brother-like solicitude. No curiosity, only a desire to be serviceable, prompted the speech.

"Not from home," Flora said, flushed and tearful. "But I dare not say a word. Perhaps Elizabeth will confide in you. Let us both go to her."

Harvey jumped from his seat with alacrity. Yes, that was the best thing to do, he said. There was always a good deal to think of before a hurried departure. He could put his own belongings together in a quarter of an hour. For the present he placed himself entirely at the sisters' service.

They lingered under the beechen shadow for a whisper, a hand-clasp, a fond look, then went back to the little villa in the rose garden. It was the favorite hour for bathing, and the place seemed deserted alike within and without, not an occupant in any of the tiny summer-houses perched above the sea, not a sound in-doors save of brooms being lustily plied in the upper chambers. Flora led her companion to the little parlor now familiar to him, but how changed its aspect since yesterday! No pretty work-baskets, no posies of freshly culled wild flowers: on all sides that unmistakable bareness and coldness of the sea-side lodging, the habitation that belongs to nobody. Beneath the window stood a huge trunk with open lid, showing all kinds of hastily packed feminine treasures; but, evidently wearied ere her task was done, Elizabeth had thrown herself on the sofa. There Flora and Harvey found her, pale, overcome with bodily lassitude and dejection.

"Mr. Venning wants to know if he can be of use to us," Flora said, quite cheerfully. It was wonderful how Harvey's view of the question inspirited and emboldened her. "May he not come in?"

Elizabeth looked almost too wearied to open her lips. She tried to smile, however, and sitting up, began to give instructions. Harvey had ever been a favorite with her, and she liked this unaffected good-nature and alacrity to serve. Whilst Flora bustled about in the next room she set him several tasks. To secure two places in the steamer starting for the opposite shores that afternoon, to see to the transport of luggage on board, to run hither and thither for the paying of visitors' tax and depositing an address at the post-office: all these matters would now be well off her mind, and she thanked her henchman beforehand.

"I am grieved to have to leave this sweet place in the middle of our summer holiday," she said. "We have had happy days together, Mr. Venning. I shall often think of them."

Harvey stood before the pale girl, hat in hand, not looking in the least like a lover about to be separated from his mistress, much less dismissed altogether. Elizabeth could not understand this apparent indifference, almost stolidness, on the part of Flora's faithful knight. Flora's briskness puzzled her still more. An hour before, this child had seemed as near despair as eighteen years can be; now she was making ready for departure without a sign of reluctance.

"Flora has spoken to me of your wishes," Elizabeth went on, with calm decision. "But I can not think of her prospects now. She must not build too much on hope." Then, suddenly overcome with the bitterness of unspoken sorrow, she rested her head on the sofa pillow, and her utterance became thick with tears. "It would make me very happy to see Flora happy with you." Here she held out one hand, which the young man clasped brother-like. "You are kind and loyal, I feel sure, and would be good to my poor little sister. But you are an English gentleman—none so proud, they say. You would never wed a girl with a tarnished name, ally yourself with a family dishonored forever and forever."

Harvey spoke out bluntly after true British fashion. "What family escutcheon without its blot?" he said. "A man marries the woman he loves, and he loves her the better, not the worse, because of misfortune. Trust me with Flora's happiness. It shall be safe in my keeping, let her kinsfolk be what they may."

"You have a generous heart," murmured Elizabeth. "I feel drawn toward you as to a brother, yet I must not let you win my Flora's love till you know all. I wish I could unburden myself to you now, but I am too weary in body and in spirit. I had hardly any sleep last night," she added, wistfully.

"Do not undertake this journey to-day, then. Rest till to-morrow," Harvey said, overcome with affectionate concern for the pale, overwrought girl. "The delay of one day can surely be of no moment."

"You are wrong," cried Elizabeth, rising from her seat with sudden animation, a feverish brightness in her eyes and on her cheek. "Dear friend—brother, if you will that I call you so—do not try to persuade me to stay: I shall get no more rest here. I came to seek a little happiness, a spell of oblivion, but the shadow that hangs over our house—the shadow whose name is shame—follows us wherever we go. There is a fatality about this island. Help me to hasten away, and you will be my kindest friend."

"Of course you must leave, if you wish it, by this afternoon's boat," Harvey said, in a pleasant, matter-of-fact voice. "But I can not let you undertake this troublesome journey without escort. I leave this island, then, to-day as well as you."

"What will your brother say? And idlers here may gossip unkindly," Elizabeth urged, after a momentary indecision.

"Arthur has no right to say anything. The rest can but make a hazard at the truth," Harvey said. "What other construction should be put upon such a step but the right one? Your sister's future husband may surely accompany you home; for when you leave the sea, I go too."

"Home! home!" cried Elizabeth, with an unutterable look of anguish. "Little it is of a home we have now, my poor Flora and I."

"Then we will all three make one together," answered Harvey, astonished at his own audacity. "So now I will go and arrange everything for our journey."

When Harvey was gone, Elizabeth once more rested on the sofa with the listless aspect of one whose powers of endurance have been cruelly overtaxed. The beautiful glow of health and vivaciousness had vanished. Yet the high-spirited girl was suffering from no bodily weariness, only a mental shock had wrought the change.

As she lay thus passive amid so many claims upon her time and attention, something like a smile lighted up her pale face. Yes, Harvey's honest declaration was a ray of sunshine in the gloom. Flora, the bride of an honorable English gentleman; in Flora the family fortunes edified, the family honor vindicated. This seemed indeed cheering to think of. Elizabeth was leaving Arthur perhaps without a word of farewell, but the prospect hardly dismayed, much less grieved her just now. Concerning her own future she could not speculate. Only to place the sea between her and the love-like hate, the clinging misery, the shadow from which there seemed no escape!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE Chinese of this city held a meeting in Mott Street on the evening after they received news of the bombarding of Foo-Choo. Some of the more patriotic young men were in favor of offering their services to Kwang-su; but it was decided that as France probably would be whipped before the arrival of the Mott Street contingent, they would return to their wash-tubs for a while. If the news which is at hand at the moment of writing this—the story of the annihilation of the French in Tonquin by an army of eighty thousand Chinese—is verified by later dispatches, the confidence of the Mott Street meeting will have been in a measure justified.

There has been a frost in this latitude in every month thus far this year. September has now arrived, and in this month there will surely be frosty mornings. So the year will be as remarkable as that of a quarter of a century ago, in which there was frost in every month. Besides, this is the year of the earthquake.

A challenge to balloonists is issued by the president of an Illinois agricultural association, who announces that he will wager five thousand dollars that aeronaut King, of Philadelphia, can make "the most successful ascension on record." This sweeping and ambiguous challenge is partly explained by the announcement that unless the offer is accepted within two months the challenger and Professor King will ascend from some Western city, and attempt to outdo the world, the French aeronauts and all, in the length of their voyage.

A Long Island man has been fined for selling "vitalized Croton." The name mystified the community for a little while, but the old topers soon recognized the beverage.

The study of the ordinary crab of these waters in his various conditions is discipline for the mind. When the crab is within about three days of doffing his shell, he is a "comer." His next state is that of a "shedder," and this endures till he becomes a "buster." This condition can not last long. Within a few hours he drops the old shell, and becomes the soft crab of commerce. As though he fancied that there was still protection in the cast-off shell, he lingers near it till the newness of his condition has in a measure worn off, and his covering has toughened a little. He has to be exceedingly circumspect, lest his hard-shell brethren yield to the temptation to put him out of the way by eating him.

The cold snap sent New-Yorkers home from the country by thousands. There is yet a chance for warm weather in the city, and in view of the amount of cool weather thus far, it would not be strange if the warmest days were yet to come. The highest temperature in recent years was in September, 1881, when the mercury indicated 102 in the shade. But warm weather in September is usually of short duration.

A HISTORIC PARALLEL.

WESTERN FARMER TO BLAINE. "So it is your protection and your twenty years in Congress that make the soil so rich?"—*Harper's Weekly, August 2, page 508.*

"What he most prides himself on," said Sheridan of George IV. (who fancied he had been in the battle of Waterloo, and used to tell stories about it in the presence of the Duke of Wellington), "is last year's harvest."

On a recent day the work of the police of an entire precinct in this city was the driving of ten cows and one horse to the pound. This was in the Tremont precinct.

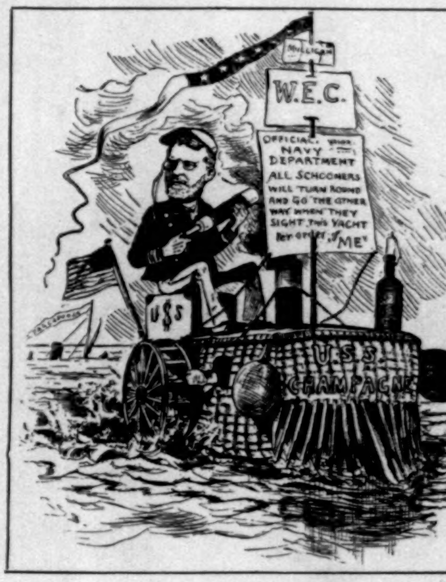
The Only Original Cohen, of the Bowery, was burned out the other day. There are only four left now.

The elephant which King John of Abyssinia presented to Queen Victoria has been sent to the Zoological Gardens, but nobody seems to know what has become of the monkey which accompanied the elephant. Perhaps he will turn up in Mulberry Street as the support of some recently arrived Italian family.

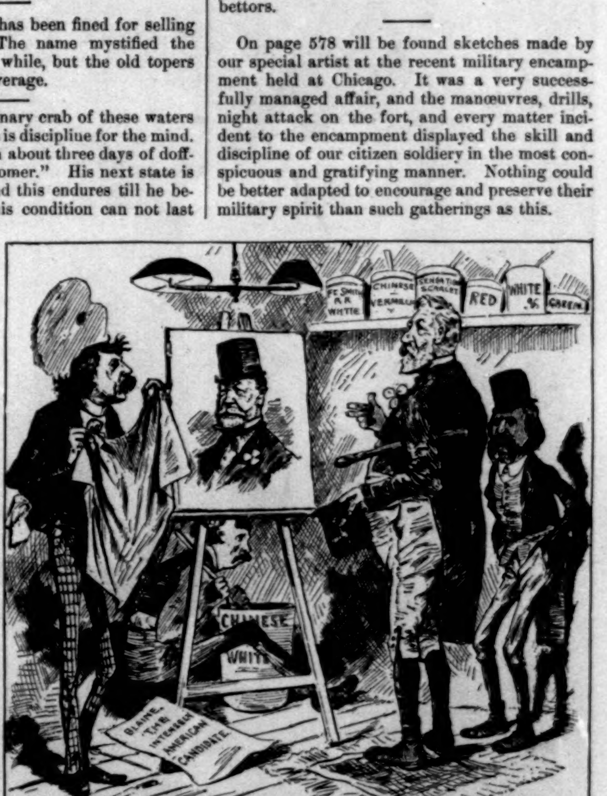
Sam Gee and Lung Haw have gone into the laundry business together. They ought to make a strong team.

One of the regular visitors at Monmouth Park during the season just closed was a gray cat. Nearly every day she took a position on the steps in front of the reporters' stand. At length she made friends with some of the ladies, and became quite a pet. She seemed to take a deep interest in the races. As she was not a black cat, she was worthless as an omen of good luck to the bettors.

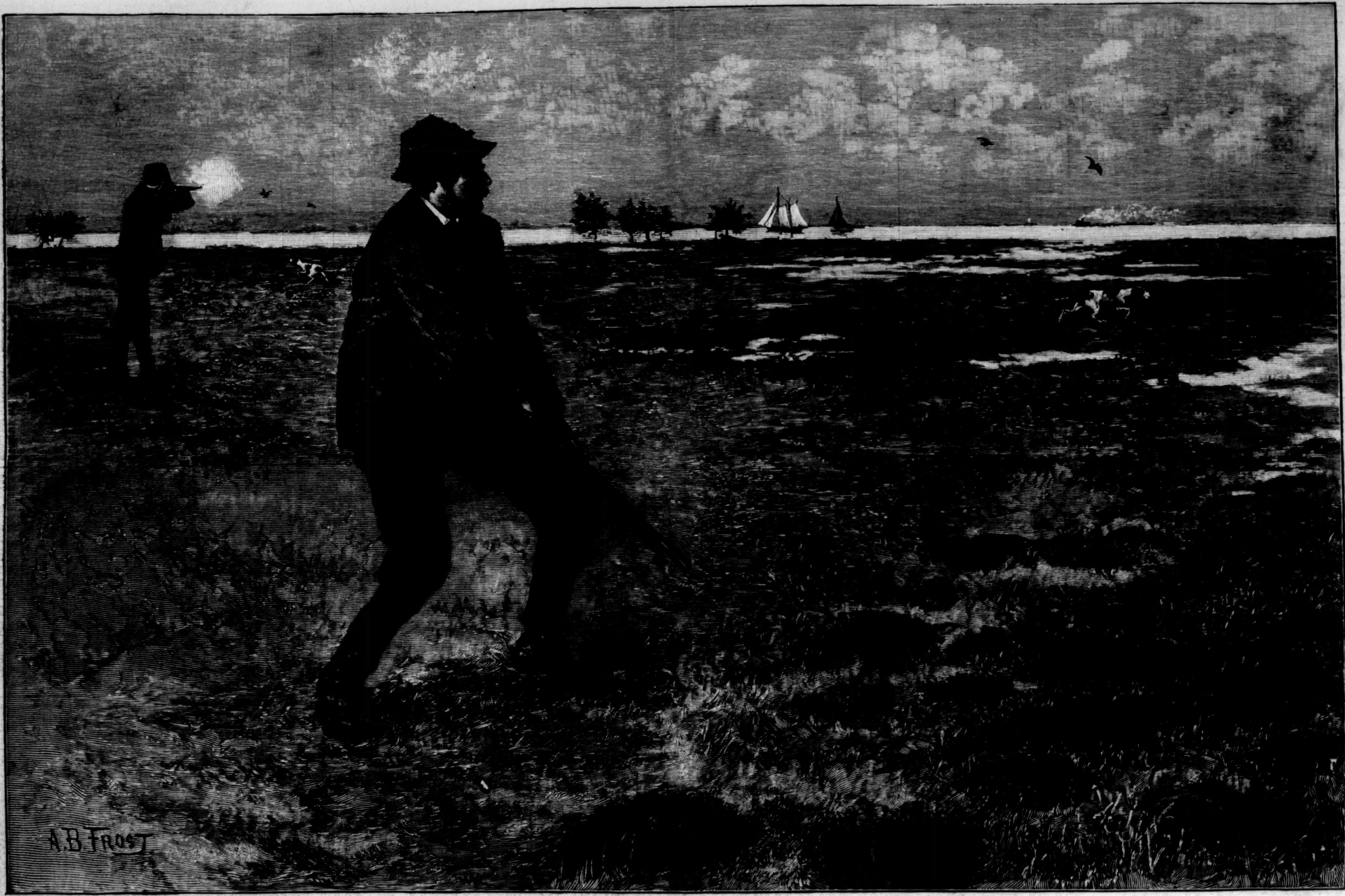
On page 578 will be found sketches made by our special artist at the recent military encampment held at Chicago. It was a very successfully managed affair, and the manœuvres, drills, night attack on the fort, and every matter incident to the encampment displayed the skill and discipline of our citizen soldiery in the most conspicuous and gratifying manner. Nothing could be better adapted to encourage and preserve their military spirit than such gatherings as this.


W.E.C.
OFFICIAL. NAVY DEPARTMENT ALL SCHOONERS WILL TURN ROUND AND GO THE OTHER WAY WHEN THEY SIGHT THIS YACHT BY ORDER OF "ME"
U.S.S.
U.S.S. CHAMPAGNE

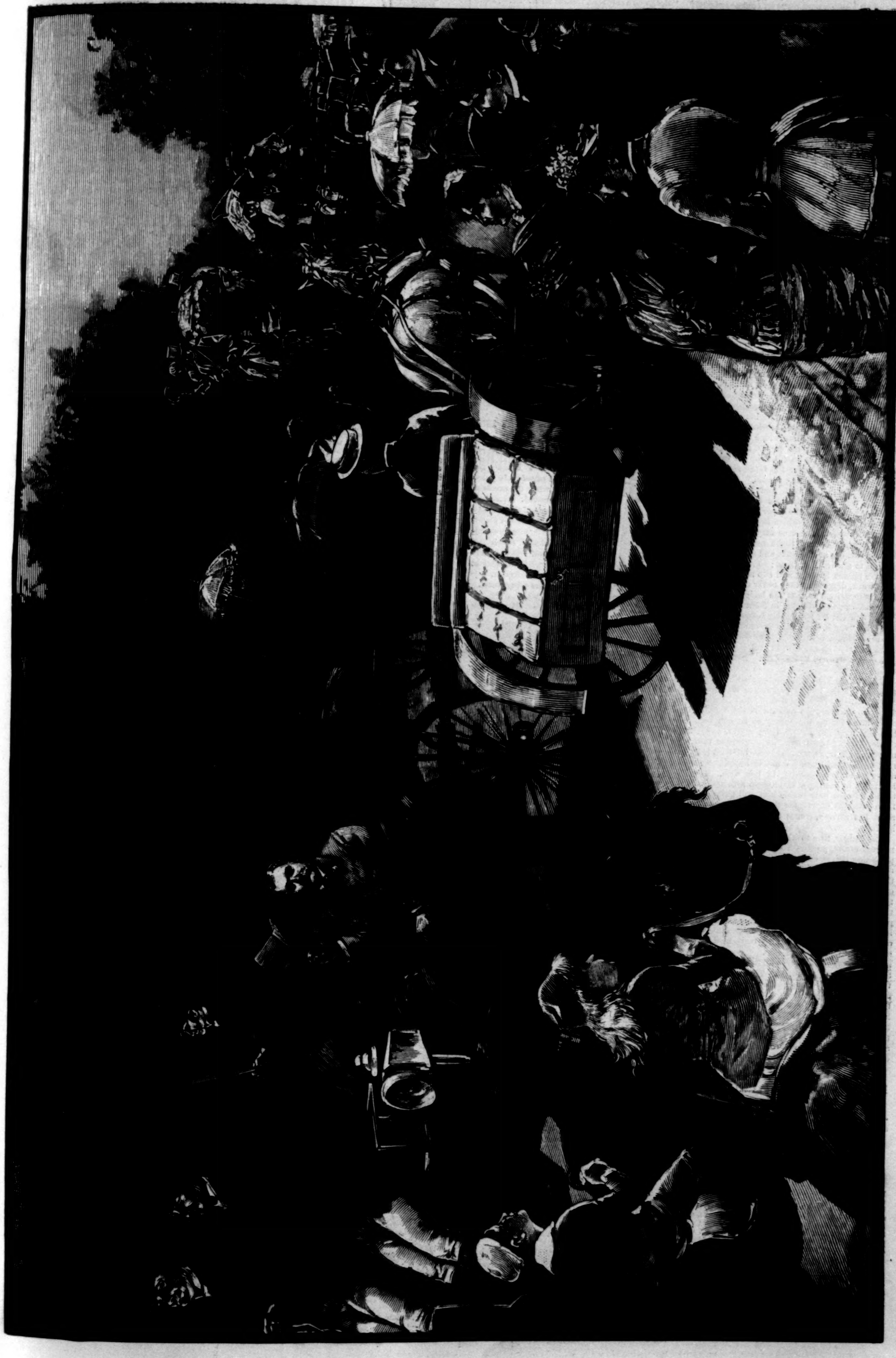
THE NATIONAL YACHTSMAN.
"Guess I'm all right now—'at Public Expense.'"


RED
WHITE
GREEN
CHINESE
WHITE
BLAINE THE INTENSELY AMERICAN CANDIDATE

HE HAS A FAMILY PORTRAIT PAINTED.
J. G. B. "Excellent! Beautiful! A perfect likeness! But, I say, couldn't you manage to get a little *German* into that nose?"



A TIGHT CARTRIDGE.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.



THE PRESIDENT'S VACATION—ON BELLEVUE AVENUE, NEWPORT.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 581.]

HUNTING THE BADGER.

There is something quaintly mysterious in the aspect of an English hunting party engaged about a badger earth, especially if you chance to come upon the scene without knowing beforehand what is going on. There is a smack of melodrama about the situation, a certain suggestion of conspiracy and deeds of blood. The place will probably be a steep bank, darkly wooded, and sloping down to stream and meadow below. You will first catch sight of three or four figures holding earnest colloquy over a grave-like trench at their feet. They are covered with red soil from head to heel, and talk in hushed tones, stooping to listen between whiles, as if for sounds from the bowels of the earth.

Let it be premised that there is a good dog "to ground"; the keeper's Turk, for choice. He has not been seen since he was slipped an hour ago, but certain muffled noises which have been heard at intervals meanwhile—gruntings and tusslings, short smothered barks, and scurryings to and fro—have set all doubts at rest about a badger being at home.

Then a long silence ensues, during which the acutest anxiety reigns above-ground. Many things may be happening at this moment. Most probably the intrepid Turk and his foe are planted opposite to one another, catching their breath, and each waiting for the other to stir. But, on the other hand, the badger may have eluded Turk from his superior knowledge of the intricate passages of his dwelling, in which case he will by this time be hundreds of yards away under the field behind. Or, again, he may be employing these precious moments in burying himself—a fatal manœuvre.

Every one listens at every conceivable outlet, and the situation is canvassed in discreet whispers. The keeper has infinite confidence in his dog; he enjoins patience, and narrates a few of Turk's exploits. Nestor says nothing—he rarely does say anything on these occasions; he merely glances at the line of fence which skirts the top of the bank, and fills his pipe. Presently the keeper's confidence is justified by an exclamation from some one under the fence saying that the dog is there, barking "solid." A general rush is made to the place, and Nestor follows leisurely, trailing a light iron bar, the like of which may be seen in the repertory of any well-appointed burglar, and which he uses as a probe or a stethoscope as the case may demand. The sounds are pronounced to be near the surface, the dog barking at intervals, and showing no disposition to stir from the spot; so spade and mattock are passed forward, and two sturdy laborers set to work, digging as they never dig for wages.

The supposition is that the badger is penned in a *cul-de-sac*, with the dog in front of him; and if he is now cut off by digging between him and the main "earth," his fate is sealed, his only chance of escape being to slip out into the open through Nestor's fingers, and to call that a chance were rank heresy in these parts. After a quarter of an hour's work, a trench—not the first excavation of the kind that has been made to-day—is cut across the line of passage as near as can be guessed to where the dog is; and Nestor inserts himself sideways into the space, thrusting one arm as far up the gallery as he can reach. His legs only are visible from above, and the cluster of spectators eye the convulsive movements of his heels with anxious interest, inferring much therefrom. What is happening under-ground is something in this wise. Turk, inspirited by feeling a well-known arm and hand thrust into the hole beside him, and quite aware from previous experience that the supreme moment has arrived, comes to close quarters with his foe.

The badger, true to his instinct, makes for the nearest outlet, pushing the dog before him, and punishing him at every step. Hideous sounds of mauling and worrying come to the upper air as they roll and tussle nearer and nearer to the opening. Presently Nestor's hand steals over the two struggling bodies; he passes it with wily caution from one limb to another, until the all-important tail comes into a favorable position, when he grasps it like lightning, and drags himself out of the hole, with a long gray body held out at arm's-length in front of him. "Boar of thirty pounds," says the keeper, with decision, and turns to examine Turk's wounds. The dog looks a little woe-begone; he has added a deep gash or two about the lower jaw to an already sufficient number of honorable scars, but when he has quenched his thirst and had his face washed at the stream, he looks as gay and irrepressible as ever. After this, whiskey is passed round, horses are put to, and the rest of the dogs are let loose to scamper over the fields in the waning light.

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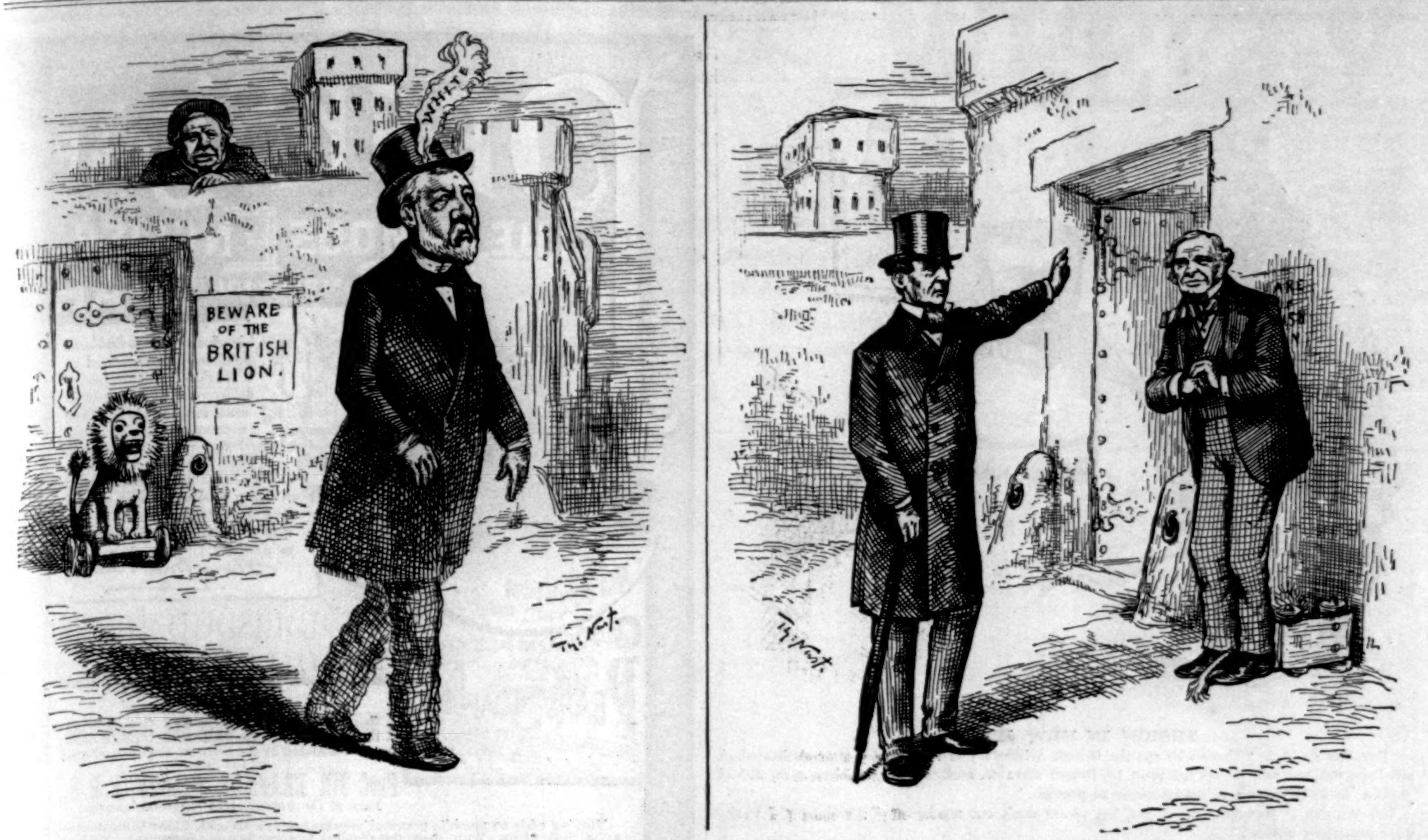
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